HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. IX.—No. 434.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE FINAL VICTORY.

The people are full of rejoicing. The war for the Union has been *their* war, fought in their interest, sustained by their patriotism—a patriotism that has withheld neither property nor life.—Let the people rejoice, then, in the final triumph, with a consciousness of their own strength, but especially with a conviction of the righteousness of their victory and a sense of overwhelming gratitude to the God of Battles. Their *Hail Columbia* is fitly accompanied by their *Te Deums*.

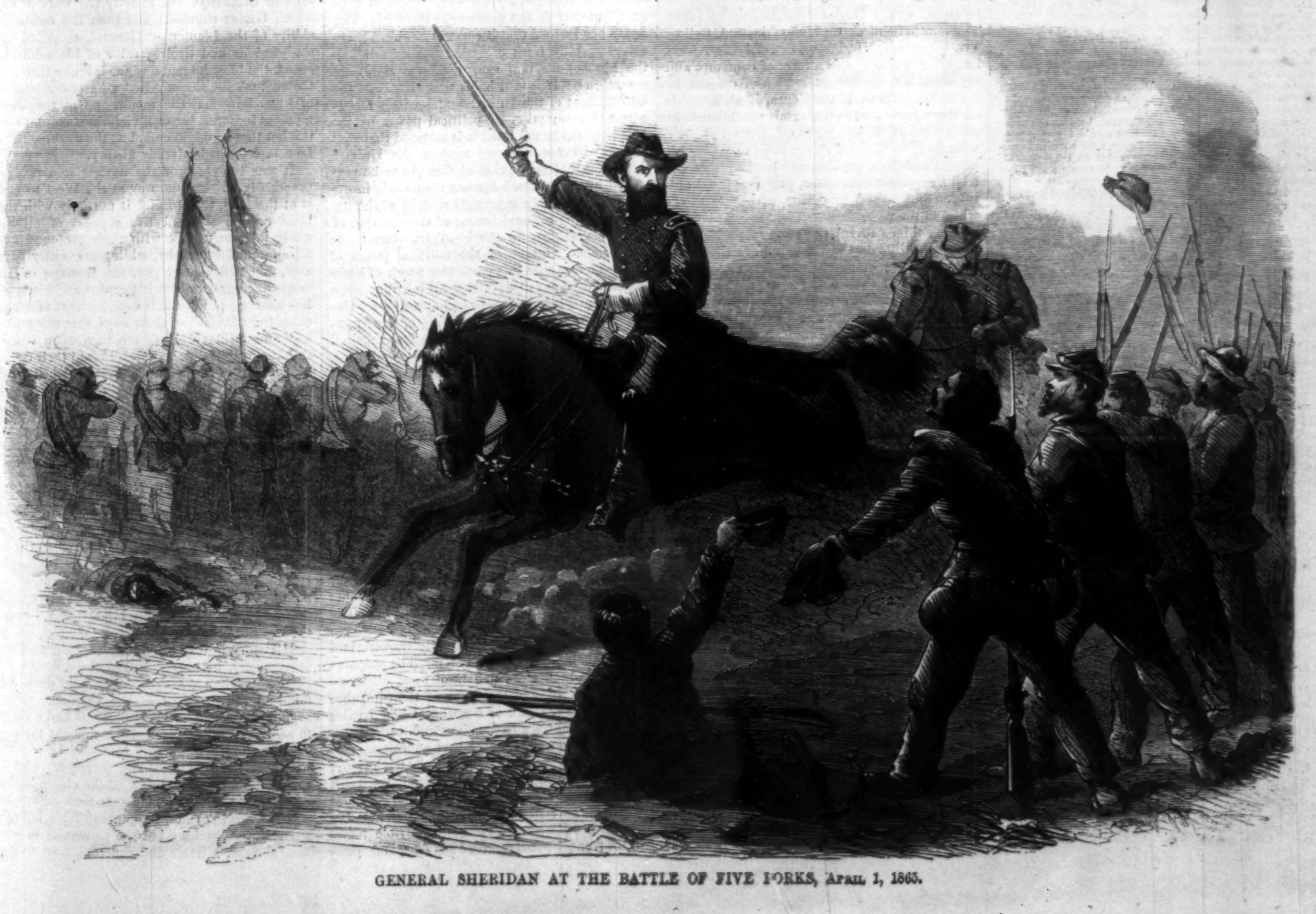
This journal having in its pictorial illustrations followed the course of events during the war, it is now with peculiar gratification that we present to our readers in this week's issue illustrations of the closing scenes of the great conflict. We give on page 247 a Map of the last battle-field of the Armies of Virginia. For this map, drawn from the official maps furnished to the corps commanders, we are indebted to the *Army and Navy Journal*. The decisive battle of Five Forks, fought by General Sheridan, April 1, and in which Longstreet's corps was swept from the field and Lee's right flank uncovered, we have illustrated on this page. This battle will go down to history as the great master-piece of General Phil Sheridan. For strategy it is unsurpassed by any thing in the war. During the first stage of the battle the infantry was not disclosed. But so soon as Longstreet had been driven into his breast-works, then, by a sudden movement, he was flanked, and his entire command captured and dispersed. Our illustrations of the battle relate only to the operations of the cavalry. Sheridan was more himself than ever before. Riding up and down along his front, his fiery enthusiasm inspired the men to almost superhuman efforts. With such a presence among them there could be no shrinking from the fight. And it was an obstinate fight, too. But Sheridan knew what depended upon that action; and when night came, and his work had been well done, he knew that Lee's army had been defeated.

The same spirit which had secured the victory on Saturday was infused into the army in front of Petersburg, in the assault on the enemy's entire front on Sunday. This also we have illustrated on page 244. We give on that page a sketch of the fort near Burgess Mill, where the Boydton Road crosses Hatcher's Run. It was out of this fort that the rebels were flanked by the Sixth Corps. On Sunday night this corps had advanced to the banks of the Appomattox, above Petersburg, having captured 2000 prisoners and about 20 guns. Another sketch on the same page illustrates the gallantry of Colonel Sniper, of the One Hundred and Eighty-fifth New York, who, after four color-sergeants had been shot down, and two line officers, who had taken the colors from the hands of the sergeant, himself seized them and rallied his wavering line. A third sketch represents the rebels retreating across the Appomattox, by the turnpike-bridge, they having set fire to the Railroad Bridge, just above. The building shown in this sketch was the rebel Commissary Depôt.

On page 245 we illustrate the entrance of Petersburg by the Ninth Corps. The first troops to enter the city were Michigan veterans, under General Ely. The rebels had been crossing the Appomattox all night, and had just brought up their rear as our troops entered. The flag was raised over the Custom-house by the Second Michigan Regiment.

On the same day General Weitzel entered Richmond, which had been evacuated Sunday night. The rebel General Gary's cavalry had been the last to leave the city. His force passed up Main Street not five minutes ahead of the Union column. The scene of the entrance of the Union army has been graphically portrayed by our artist on pages 248 and 249. Kautz's cavalry were in the advance, and were met by Mayor Mayo and a deputation of the citizens, who formally surrendered the city. Most of Weitzel's men were negroes, and their advent excited the greatest enthusiasm among the swarthy denizens of the rebel capital. It is estimated that one half of the population left in Richmond were negroes. Nor was the enthusiasm manifested by the citizens confined to the negroes. All seemed glad, as if they had thrown off from their shoulders an intolerable burden. The city was on fire when our troops entered. By order of General Breckinridge the torch had been applied to all the public buildings, from the Tredegar Works, on the canal above the

CAVALRY CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS.



GENERAL SHERIDAN AT THE BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS, April 1, 1865.

city, to the Navy-yard at Rocketts—a distance of two miles—including the laboratories, artillery-shops, arsenals, Franklin paper-mill, the Petersburg and Danville dépôts, all the Commissary and Quarter-master buildings on and near Fourteenth Street, Rahm's Foundry, and other buildings. By seven o'clock A.M nearly the whole city south of Main Street—between Eighth and Fifteenth streets, and Twentieth and Twenty-third streets—was one great sea of flame. The aspect of Main Street has been so completely changed by the fire, that those best acquainted with the buildings can not point them out with certainty; the street is an amphitheatre of crumbling walls and falling chimneys. While the city was burning, about nine o'clock on Monday morning, terrific shell explosions, rapid and continuous, added to the terror of the scene, and led to the impression that the city was being shelled by the retreating Confederate army from the Southside; but the explosions were soon ascertained to proceed from the Government arsenal and laboratory, then in flames.

Other illustrations which we give of the city of Richmond portray its present desolate aspect. We give a view of Castle Thunder and of Libey Prison on page 252. In regard to the former of these buildings we quote the following interesting description from the *World:*

Leaving Richmond proper, and descending into the low, squalid portion of the town known as Rocketts, one sees among the many large warehouses, used without exception for the storage of tobacco, a certain one more irregular than the rest. An archway leads into it, and upon the outside of the second story windows runs a long ledge or footway, whereupon sentries used to stride, guarding the miserable people within. This is the jail of Castle Thunder, and it was the civil or state prison of the capital. We enter its strong portal, and there in the new commandant's room lay the record left behind by the Confederates. Its pages made one shudder.

These are some of the entries:

"George Barton—giving food to Federal prisoners of war; forty lashes upon the bare back. Approved. Sentence carried into effect July 2.

"Peter B. Innis—passing forged government notes; chain and ball for twelve months; forty lashes a day. Approved.

"Arthur Wright—attempting to desert to the enemy; sentenced to be shot. Approved. Carried into effect March 26.

"John Morton—communicating with the enemy; to be hung. Approved. Carried into effect March 26."

In an inner room are some fifty pairs of balls and chains, with anklets and handcuffs upon them, which have bent the spirit and body of many a resisting heart. Within are two condemned cells, perfectly dark—a faded flap over the window peep-hole—the smell from which would knock a strong man down.

For in their centre lies the sink, ever open, and the floors are sappy with uncleanliness. To the right of these a door leads to a walled yard not forty feet long, nor fifteen wide, overlooked by the barred windows of the main prison rooms, and by sentry-boxes upon the wall-top. Here the wretched were shot and hung in sight of their trembling comrades. The brick wall at the foot of the yard is scarred and crushed by balls and bullets which first passed through some human heart and wrote here their damning testimony. The gallows had been suspended from a wing in the ledge, and in mid-air the impotent captive swung, none daring or willing to say a good word for him; and not for any offense against God's law, not for wronging his neighbor, or shedding blood, or making his kind miserable, but for standing in the way of an upstart organization which his impulse and his judgment alike impelled him to oppose. This little yard, bullet-marked, close, and shut from all sympathy, is to us the ghastliest spot in the world. Can Mr. Davis visit it and pray as he does so devoutly afterward? When men plead the justice of the South, and arguments are prompt to favor them, let this prison-yard rise up and say that no such crimes in Liberty's name have ever been committed, on this continent, at least. Up stairs in Castle Thunder there are two or three large rooms, barred and dimly lit, and two or three series of condemned cells, pent-up and pitchy, where, by a refinement of cruelty, the ceiling has been built low so that no man can stand upright. Here fifteen or twenty were crowded together, and in the burning atmosphere they stripped themselves stark naked, so that when in the mornings the cell-doors were opened they came forth as from the grave begging for death. There are women's cells, too; for this great and valiant Government recognized women as belligerents and locked them up close to a sentry's cartridge, so that in the bitterness of solitude they were unsexed, and railed, and blasphemed like wanton things. The pavements before the jail were hidden by remorseless guards who shot at every rag fluttering from the cages, and all this little circle of death in life was enacted close to the light, river, and under the cover of that high Capitol where bold men held the sinews of war to wring from a reluctant Union a little path of arrogant independence to rein civilization as they pleased, and warp the destinies of our race. Now only a few renegade soldiers lie in Castle Thunder. The captives who survived the fame of the city made a perilous descent from the windows and scaled the dead walls,

The "Libey" is now occupied by rebel prisoners, and our artist has taken the moment of their occupation for the sketch which we have engraved.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 22, 1865.

PALM SUNDAY.

Under the shadow of waving palms the Prince of Peace rode into the holy city; and on the festival that commemorates that day, Peace, amidst sheathed swords, returned to our beloved country. So great an event our history has not known. For Peace, under her joyous palms, brings Justice and Union. The light that mildly beams from her starry brow is the light of liberty. The flag that was lowered in sorrow and shame four years ago, now floats again in serene triumph, and no man henceforward will doubt what that flag means.

It is not possible in the moment of jubilee to comprehend the scope of this event. The victory that has been won is not selfish or limited. It is not an American victory only. It is the vindication of the equal rights of men every where. "Man," says the historian Merivale, speaking of Julius Cæsar, "can not defy mankind with impunity." No class, no privilege, no theory, which involves permanent injustice to men can withstand the course of civilization. That God works in history is only a way of saying that the progress of human development will inevitably assert itself against all resistance. Four years ago it was hard for us in this country to believe that we, too, must be forced through blood and sorrow to defend this truth. We thought we fully believed it. But in the fierce glare of war we can now see that even this sharp and bitter struggle was necessary to establish our own principles not only before the world but in our own hearts.

Let us thank God that we have not faltered. Let us rejoice that, through all the doubt and darkness, through the fires of opposing guns, and the sneers and taunts and skepticism of those who believed and wished those fires might prevail, the great heart of the American people has beat steadily on to victory. Nor less will we thank God that the young and noble who obeyed the call of their brave souls, and, leaving all that makes life dear and lovely, gladly died that their country might live, have not died in vain. Peace may return, but the precious darlings of a thousand hearts and homes shall return no more. Those whose names shone in dying, and those who fell unnamed in the heroic ranks, were not divided in their deaths, and shall forever share a common gratitude and glory. And by the love we bore them and they bore us, by the untold and unimaginable sacrifice, let us fervently pray that God may strengthen us to secure the victory they have won, and perpetuate a peace which will not shame their memory, and that Palm Sunday may henceforth be the symbol of a national repose founded upon that true brotherhood which the Prince of Peace proclaimed.

WHAT NEXT?

The overwhelming victory of the Government turns every mind to the consideration of the means of restoring its normal and tranquil operation. But in our present ignorance of the real condition of public sentiment at the South, it is impossible to do more than see what should *not* be done. The victory of the Government must not be thrown away. The terrible war, under which the country pants and bleeds, must not have been fought in vain. Justice, liberty, and peace must not be imperiled in a swash of weakness called by a fine name. If the Southerners are our brethren, the Northerners are not less so. If we ought not to punish deluded rebels, neither ought we to betray true men.

We all say, and undoubtedly not without reason, that the South was unwillingly precipitated into rebellion, and that only certain leaders are actually morally guilty. But there can be no doubt whatever that the heart of the South had been long and systematically alienated from the Union. The doctrine of State sovereignty, sedulously taught, had destroyed all true sense and pride of nationality. "In every house," said a Southerner who served two years in the rebel army, and was never north of Mason and Dixon's line until he was brought as a prisoner, "the works of Calhoun lay side by side with the Bible." That the United States Government was a league of consenting sovereign powers, each of which might withdraw at its pleasure, was a fundamental article of faith. The Southerners were proud of being Carolinians, Georgians, Virginians, not of being Americans. "Yankee" was a term of contempt and reproach, and the free expression of opinion by American citizens in the South, if unfavorable to slavery, was punished and annihilated by every form of insult and crime, from a glass of wine flung in the face at the table of "the hospitable Southern gentleman," to the arrest and trial by a secret committee, and hanging, burning, maiming, and expulsion, according to the whim of the mob.

Such things reveal the state of public opinion. Hostility to the Union and to the essential principles of a free government were not exceptional at the South; they were general. They were carefully enforced by every appeal to the basest prejudice and the profoundest ignorance. Millions of American citizens, of the greatest intelligence and of the highest character, could venture into the whole Southern section of their country only at the risk of outrage and the peril of their lives, or upon condition of the most shameful and treacherous silence. The union of sympathy, of purpose, of national pride and feeling, was gone long before the shot at Sumter; and such a union can be restored only by time and careful thought, by patience and unshrinking firmness, not by sentimental emotion.

We recall these facts not for the sake of recrimination but of instruction. It was cowardice, calling itself conservatism, that led us into the war; and we may be very sure that blindness, calling itself magnanimity, will not lead us out of it. If we would establish the Government in tranquil permanence, we must look backward as well as forward.

The Southern people, who had grown up in ignorance and prejudice, the extent of which we can hardly comprehend, and who have been deluded into the active support of so enormous a conspiracy, have been deluded because their minds were prepared for delusion. Even Alexander H. Stephens—who was not considered peculiarly a Southern man, and to whom many persons now look as a possible mediator—diligently fostered this delusion. He was a Union man in the Southern sense. That is to say, he believed that the Union was essential to the prosperity of the South, but upon the sole condition that the South controlled the Government in its own interest. When he retired from Congress, in 1858, he publicly stated that he withdrew because he was not needed, because the South had carried every point in the long debate with the North, and because its future supremacy in the Union was absolutely assured by the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. "The Union," said Alexander H. Stephens—and we quote his words—"has always been to me, and ought to be to you, subordinate to Southern security in it." This was said two years before the war, and neither Calhoun nor Jefferson Davis ever stated the doctrine of secession more forcibly or persuasively. His famous "Union" speech at Milledgeville, before the Georgia Legislature, in November, 1860, was an effort to show that dissolution was an unnecessary risk even for the purposes of the South, enforced by a prophecy of the horrors of war. It was a passionate appeal to the South to remember that it had always controlled the Government; that the election of Mr. Lincoln, while the South held the Senate, the House, and the Supreme Court, did not really endanger its policy; and that if it only stood fast it would control the Union forever, and permanently establish the state of things then existing, which was a practical subversion of the essential principles of the Government. And when he asked Toombs why, under the circumstances, he wished to risk every thing by drawing the sword, the fiery Toombs replied, substantially, "Don't be uneasy. I will agree to drink every drop of blood that will be shed in the war; and I draw the sword only to show the edge, and precipitate by terror, and the consequent submission of the country, the very supremacy of the South in the Union which you advocate."

The public sentiment of the South was radically hostile to the Union because it was opposed to the principles upon which alone the Union was possible. If it could have its own way it was satisfied. If it could suppress free speech, if it could indefinitely extend slavery, and prostitute the National Government to its protection by giving it a Constitutional sanction, as Stephens believed it had effectively done, it was willing to continue to use the Union as its tool. This, and this only, was the Unionism of the South. It was a Union subordinate to State sovereignty. It was a Union which had no power of coercion except against the enemies of the Southern policy. It was a Union whose Government had no right to enforce its authority against any citizen of the United States if the State in which he lived released him from his allegiance. And it was because this was not only the argument of the leaders but the conviction of the people of the South, that those leaders were able to begin and maintain with remarkable unanimity of popular support this long and strenuous rebellion against the national authority.

The practical question now is how much this opinion is changed by the war. Cannon conquer, but they do not necessarily convert. The South has learned that it can not establish State sovereignty by force of arms; but does it any the less believe that every State is rightfully sovereign? If it still holds that view, can the Government of the United States wisely recognize the resumption of political power by the people of the South until it is satisfied that that power will not be used against the Union? Must not the resumption of that power be preceded by an acknowledgment upon oath, in every instance, of the supreme authority of the nation, and the relinquishment of the doctrine of State sovereignty in the Southern sense? Is the present triumph of the national power to prove merely that this particular revolt of State sovereignty has failed, or that all rebellion upon that ground is hereafter to be impossible? Unless we utterly mistake the feeling of the American people, they are resolved that no man shall henceforth serve in their army or navy who recognizes any flag before the Stars and Stripes; nor any man sit in their Congress who does not solemnly swear that he holds the Government of the United States, and not of any individual State, to be the supreme political authority in the country. We have no less faith in the common sense than in the magnanimity of the nation.

GRANT.

Eleven months ago—on the 3d of May, 1864—General Grant broke up on the Rapidan, and advanced toward Richmond. The route he chose had been declared impracticable. The army that confronted him was the choicest force of the enemy, long and carefully trained, and led by their most trusted chief. The preparation upon both sides had been most elaborate and prolonged, and the issue of the campaign was the life or death of a nation. The battles that followed were tremendous and sanguinary. The loss upon both sides was enormous, and will never be known. Driven back step by step, slowly retreating toward Richmond, the rebel General disputed every mile. Flanked and worsted, he still held his army compact and effective. Receding before the terrible blows in his front, he still guarded his rear, and, posting himself outside his capital, was suddenly forced into the works that immediately defended it by one of the most daring and successful of military movements.

When Grant crossed the James he had demonstrated that his route to Richmond was not only the best, because it entirely covered Washington, but was the most effective, because it had so fearfully disabled Lee's army. He had not indeed driven it in a rout, nor compelled its surrender. He had the further disadvantage of an entire failure in his subsidiary movements in the Shenandoah and to the south of Richmond, and there were good military critics who thought that his campaign had failed. But they did not know the man. They did not remember Vicksburg or Chattanooga. Grant said, quietly, "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." It did take all summer and all winter. But he fought it out, and obliterated the army and the cause of his antagonist together.

The whole career of Lieutenant-General Grant shows the most profound comprehension of the rebellion, and the most absolute mastery of the means necessary to suppress it. An earnest, faithful, silent man, he understood both the spirit and the resources of the enemy. Consequently he struck heavily at both. The loss of life in the Wilderness was fearful. Timid folk and traitors were appalled, and called him a butcher. The devastation of the Shenandoah was terrible. The same objectors exclaimed that it was inhuman. General Grant knew that to reduce the rebellion it was necessary to kill men and to destroy provision. He knew that the sacrifice of life on our side was the shortest and least bloody way to peace, because it compelled a greater loss upon the enemy's. We could better lose a hundred lives than they could lose ten. And in his position fighting was imperative.

But while thus he struck at their resources of life and food, and sat before Richmond, holding the doomed city and Lee's army in both hands, he ordered Thomas to extinguish Hood, and then Sherman to advance, that the spirit of the rebellion might be ruined at home and its prestige destroyed abroad, by showing that it was a crust, and that the people of the South had resigned their defense to their army. The great march of Sherman to Savannah, and northward into the heart of North Carolina, revealed this truth. Grant had demonstrated that Lee's army was the rebellion.

From that moment the cardinal necessity of his position was to prevent Lee's escape and transfer of the field of war. If he could hold him to a battle for the defense of Richmond, and in case of success cut off his retreat, there would be no alternative but surrender, and in Lee's surrender the rebellion would fall. To this end he moved out upon his extreme left to secure the interior line in the event of victory. The battle began, and turned, as Grant intended, upon Sheridan at the extreme left, as the pivot. The indomitable energy and soldierly skill of Sheridan did exactly the work upon which Grant counted; and then the masterly ability of the Lieutenant-General, seconded by the glorious and tireless valor of his soldiers, struck the blow he had designed, broke through the enemy's lines, compelled a hasty evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and at the same moment loosened his own victorious columns to the left that he might complete the work. How he completed it is already history.

It was reserved for the modest soldier who practically finished the war at the West to end it at the East, and to end it not only with the most prompt and effective support of all his noble lieutenants but with their profound admiration and sympathy, while the country pays now, and will forever pay, the homage of its unqualified gratitude to his genius and his spotless character. For it is not the least of "the crowning mercies" of these days, that our political and military chiefs are men upon whose simple, earnest, unselfish devotion to their country no taint of suspicion was ever breathed; and our children will be forever grateful that our national salvation was achieved by the people under two such leaders as Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant.

ROBERT E. LEE.

That the general satisfaction with the surrender of Lee should beget a kind feeling for the rebel General is not unnatural. But it is a great folly to invest him with any romance. Robert E. Lee may be an honest man, as doubtless many of the rebels were, but beyond that he has no claim of any kind whatever upon the regard of the American people.

His story is very briefly told. Educated an army officer, he acknowledged the doctrine of State sovereignty, and, honestly holding it, he followed his State when she seceded. Now even if a man believed that his State had a right to secede at her pleasure, if he thought the occasion insufficient, as Lee confessed he did, he would silently acquiesce, and no more. But if the occasion were infamous, if the object of the exercise of State sovereignty at such enormous peril to the lives and happiness of his fellow-citizens were nothing but the perpetuity of human slavery, a noble and generous man would

have protested with all his heart. Robert E. Lee offered his sword.

From that moment he has been an active soldier. His military skill has been much overrated. Stonewall Jackson, his Lieutenant, achieved his most famous successes, and Lee's two aggressive campaigns were ignominious failures. No man can be held guilty of a want of genius. But will those who are so eager in extolling General Lee inform us why this Christian hero had not a word to say in regard to the atrocious treatment of our prisoners in rebel hands, especially at Belle Isle, under his eyes? Will the flatterers of this Virginian gentleman explain why his reports of operations in the field were so unfair and deceptive? Will the friends of this simple-hearted soldier say why he tried a trick of words in his final correspondence with General Grant?

There is no act known to us during his long career as a rebel in arms which should favorably signalize Robert E. Lee among hundreds of his fellow-rebels. Why does not Johnston, or Ewell, or Longstreet, or Hill deserve the same praise? What excellence of character or excuse for conduct has he which they had not? Do those who speak so softly of his crimes feel as gently about Jefferson Davis? Yet Davis at least heartily believed in his cause, and it was Lee, at the head of the army, who made Davis's crime so prolonged and bloody.

We have no emotion of vengeance against General Lee. We would not hang him—not because he has not deserved hanging, but from motives of state policy. Neither are we inaccessible to admiration for a foe. Major André we can pity, but General Arnold we despise. Robert E. Lee was an American citizen educated by his country, who, from a mistaken sense of duty, deserted his flag. Had his story ended there it would have been sorrowful. But he drew his sword against that flag not because of any oppression or outrage, but because by peaceful and lawful means it bade fair to become the symbol of justice and equal rights; and he drew it, thank God! in vain. There his story ends, and it is infamous.

OUR FOREIGN FRIENDS.

In this hour of high patriotic exultation our thoughts naturally reach across the sea and with the profoundest gratitude to our friends abroad who have steadily maintained our cause and their faith in its final triumph, and maintained it against the doubts and hostility and ignorance of the ruling class. They will now feel that their faith in the strength of a purely popular government is fully justified. The remark of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer that Davis had "created a nation," and of the British Foreign Minister, that the United States Government was fighting for dominion, sprang from their conviction that their own Government could not subdue so formidable a rebellion, and from their total ignorance of the capacity of a free popular system. We can forgive them; but the result proves that the finest political sagacity is with the liberal and not the aristocratic party in England.

In France the members of the Government have been more reticent, but their acts have spoken plainly; and the unfriendly feeling of the court circles has been apparent. The Emperor, a student of history, has wisely refrained from committing himself, and his wisdom will now have its reward.

But to us now, and to all faithful Americans hereafter, the names of John Bright, and Richard Cobden, and Goldwin Smith, and John Eliot Cairnes, and William E. Forster, and Newman Hall, with their friends in England; and of Henri Martin, Laboulaye, Laugel, and others in France, will be always honorable and precious. Shall the events of the last four years not teach us that all believers in a true popular government, enlightened and just, whether they advocate its claims by eloquent tongues or vindicate its power by irresistible arms, and in whatever country they live, form the great liberal party of the world, to which the interests of civil order and peaceful progress are intrusted?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The following striking portrait of the President we find in the *Northern Whig* of Belfast, in Ireland; and we can hardly be mistaken in attributing it to Professor John Eliot Cairnes, of Queens College, Galway, the author of one of the most valuable books upon our history ever written, "The Slave Power," and one of our most effective foreign friends. In the earlier months of the war Professor Cairnes, in a series of most trenchant and unanswerable articles under his own name in the London *Daily News*, utterly demolished several of the Southern secession leaders who tried to argue with him the question of the war in its economical and political aspects:

"Mr. Lincoln is one of those historic characters whom Carlyle, in the better days of his earlier and saner genius, would have loved to sketch. Among the men who have been summoned from the unambitious pursuits of everyday life to save and guide nations in their hour of trial, the uncouth and yet not undignified figure of the Illinois rail-splitter and village lawyer—'mean white' of Kentucky by birth—will hold by no means the lowest place. But for the migration of his father across the Ohio Abraham Lincoln, it is strange to think, might now be risking the worthless life of a 'cracker' or 'sand-hiller' in the armies of Jefferson Davis. If it were not for Mr. Carlyle's adhesion to the principle of 'hiring servants for life' as one of the forms of the rule of the strongest, it is easy to see to which of the two leaders in the civil war his sympathies would turn. Jefferson Davis is a type of the professional politician—practiced in the conventions of government—a master of those arts of national 'palaver' and diplomatic 'having the honor to be,' which excite, even in an unreasonable degree, Mr. Carlyle's dislike and contempt. He is an American statesman with a European varnish. Abraham Lincoln, on the other hand, with his genius for silence, and its correlative, occasional felicitous speech, struggling with the difficulties of an imperfect early education—the fine spirit in the rough garb—blending firm purpose with humane heart—a deep religion, with a genuine, if homely, humor—seems made for Carlyle's pen. The formal, decorous, courtly figure of the founder of the Union will contrast strangely with the ungainly and unpolished figure of (we trust) its destined restorer. But history will recognize one thing common to George Washington and Abraham Lincoln—a pure honesty void of all self-seeking. When the heats of party passion and international jealousy have abated, when detraction has spent its malice, and the scandalous gossip of the day goes the way of all lies, the place of Abraham Lincoln, in the grateful affection of his countrymen and in the respect of the world, will be second only, if it be second, to that of Washington himself."

THE LAST OFFICIAL ACT OF GOVERNOR YATES.

A friend in Illinois sends a story of Senator, late Governor, Yates of that State, which should become historical in his honor.

By the "black laws" of Illinois, lately repealed, free negroes, or, as the law expressed it, "free people of color" when found in the State were liable to arrest and sale. Under this law two persons were arrested about two years since, and convicted of the crime of being "people of color." They were sold, one for fifty-five and the other for ninety-nine years. A prominent lawyer in the town (the names are given us) believing the law to be unconstitutional appealed the case, becoming security for costs, to the Supreme Court, which declared the law constitutional, and that the convicted persons who had been temporarily released by the lawyer's action should be returned to the buyers. The offenders, however, had meanwhile left the State, and the lawyer found himself liable for a large sum.

He reflected for some time, and finally repaired to Governor Yates, who was about vacating the chair. The lawyer presented his case to the Governor's sagacity and humanity, and at the close of the interview emerged with a radiant face. Meeting a fellow-lawyer who was familiar with the circumstances, he said to him, cheerfully,

"Well, it's finished."

"How finished?"

"The men are pardoned," said the lawyer.

"How pardoned?" asked his friend.

The lawyer looked at him for a moment while a grim smile passed over his face, and then answered,

"*Pardoned for being black.*"

This was the last official act of Governor Yates, and Illinois has done wisely in bidding him go up higher.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

The tumultuous excitement of these closing days of the war has prevented attention to an act which, in the more tranquil times of the future, will be estimated with all the honor it deserves. Mr. Ezra Cornell, Senator from the Twenty-fourth District, in this State, proposes to give five hundred thousand dollars immediately to found a university, worthy the name, at Ithaca. Mr. White, Senator from the Onondaga District, one of our most excellent scholars and most efficient public men, has introduced a bill into the Senate establishing the University, and appropriating to it the income of the sale of public lands granted to this State by Congress by the act of July, 1862.

The importance of Mr. Cornell's gift to all the higher interests of the State is so apparent that the Board of Regents appointed a committee to visit the People's College at Havana, to which the proceeds of the grant had been previously appropriated, for the purpose of ascertaining whether that college did now conform, or was likely within the limited time of five years to conform, to the conditions of the grant. The committee visited the People's College, made a careful investigation of its condition through the testimony of its officers and neighboring friends, and reported that it did not now conform to the requirements of the law. They further submitted the testimony from which it could readily be inferred whether it was likely to conform to them within the time.

No candid man can read the testimony without seeing that there is no reason whatever to believe it can do so. The People's College is apparently a small institution with no other prospects than such as may arise from the fund under the act of 1862. It consists of a college building and a hundred acres of land; furniture to the amount of a thousand dollars, and a library of two thousand volumes, made up of Congressional documents, Pacific Railroad reports, and documents of the State of New York. It has no philosophical or chemical apparatus, nor shops, tools, machinery, nor farm buildings, farming implements or stock, although the expressed intention of the United States grant was the fostering of practical mechanics and agriculture. Instruction in the collegiate department has not begun, and there are about a hundred and fifty students in the preparatory school.

Whoever has the interests of the most generous education at heart can not doubt that the union of the grant of the United States with the gift of Mr. Cornell will secure a foundation for a university worthy of the State; and that the advantage of one comprehensive, amply equipped institution is greater than that of a dozen smaller and staggering schools. In such a movement concentration is power. The character of a truly noble university attracts the most eminent men to its chairs, and they in turn attract the multitude of students. Who can estimate the value of Agassiz, for instance, to the University at Cambridge? Yet only an institution so liberally endowed could secure the services of a *savant* so eminent against the imperial competition of Europe. In every way the increase of resources increases the opportunity and the usefulness of a college, and we can see no public reason whatever in the interest of education, why the grant under the law of Congress should not be transferred to the Cornell University.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

To be praised by Gibbon, says Thackeray, is like having your name written upon the dome of *St. Peter's*; and if any man, however unworthy, had been so lucky, he would not fail to mention it to his friends. We have been reminded of Thackeray's remark by the approbation which the course of *Harper's Weekly* during the war has elicited from the *North American Review* for April, 1865, the able, brilliant, and scholarly organ of the truest American conservatism; and we can not forbear repeating it with pride and pleasure to our readers:

"It has been one of the most powerful of the organs of public opinion. Its vast circulation, deservedly secured and maintained by the excellence and variety of its illustrations of the scenes and events of the war, as well as by the spirit and tone of its editorials, has carried it far and wide. It has been read in city parlors, in the log-hut of the pioneer, by every camp-fire of our armies, in the wards of our hospitals, in the trenches before Petersburg, and in the ruins of Charleston; and wherever it has gone it has kindled a warmer glow of patriotism, it has nerved the hearts and strengthened the arms of the people, and it has done its full part in the furtherance of the great cause of Union, of Freedom, and of Law. Whoever believes in his country and its constant progress in developing human liberty will understand that he has an ally in *Harper's Weekly*.

"The articles upon public questions which appear in the paper from week to week form a remarkable series of brief political essays. They are distinguished by clear and pointed statement, by good common sense, by independence and breadth of view. They are the expressions of mature conviction, high principle, and strong feeling, and take their place among the best newspaper-writing of the time. They are a running commentary upon events, and are themselves an important expression of that public opinion which they help to mould and to direct.

"Our historical societies and public libraries throughout the country should secure a complete set of the volumes of *Harper's Weekly*, for every year will add to their value as an illustrated record of the times; and as long as the paper is edited as it now is, and maintains the public cause with such vigor, independence, and effect, it will be one of the most trust-worthy and important exponents of the better political opinions of the times."

THE TELEGRAPH AND THE TREE.

There is an old, old tree a-dozing by my door;
Not a leaf upon it grew for four long years and more;
Nor came there ever bird, or butterfly, or bee,
To revel in the branches of the old, old tree.

Among its topmost twigs, that so closely interlace,
Run the wire-cords that harness the steeds of time and space—
The telegraphic runners that ceaselessly convey,
From north and south and east and west, the tidings of the day.

This morn o'er the old tree I saw a change had come:
The bursting forth of green leaves; the insect's joyful hum;
And the warbling of the spring birds that gladness brought again
To the boughs that long were moaning in the wind and the rain.

What can thus have stirred the heart of the dry old tree?
The little birds that sing there now have whispered it to me:
'Twas the singing of the wires with such glorious news alive,
In the dawning of the glad days of April, 'Sixty-five.

☞ In Harper's Weekly will be commenced immediately a new Serial Story, entitled

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY,

By Amelia B. Edwards,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

"Barbara's History" is a very graceful and charming book, with a well-managed story, clearly-cut characters, and sentiments expressed with an exquisite elocution. The dialogues especially sparkle with repartee. It is a book which the world will like, and which those who commence it will care to finish. This is high praise of a work of art, and so we intend it.—*From the London Times.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SURRENDER OF LEE'S ARMY.

Upon the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg Lee's army moved westward toward Burkesville. This army was thoroughly demoralized, and the line of retreat was strewn with muskets, knapsacks, and artillery caissons. General Grant distinguished himself in the pursuit no less notably than in the defeat of the rebels. Moving his own army westward, he kept pushing Lee northward, keeping him to the north bank of the Appomattox. Lee finally succeeded in crossing the river, and concentrated his army in the region of Amelia Court House. But in the mean while, by the night of Tuesday, April 4, Sheridan and the Fifth Corps had, by a march of thirty-six miles, gained a position west of Lee, near Jettersville, on the road to Burkesville. This movement resulted the next day in the capture of a train of three hundred wagons, with five cannon and a thousand prisoners.

Grant, on Wednesday, with the Twenty-fourth Corps, had reached Nottoway Court House, and here learned by a dispatch from Sheridan that Lee had been intercepted. On Thursday Grant had brought his army up to Sheridan's support, and with the Second, Fifth, and Sixth Corps lay in line of battle at Burke's Station, facing to the north and east, and cutting Lee off from Danville. Lee then tried to move on toward Lynchburg, by taking a circuitous route by way of Deatonsville, toward the Appomattox, which he hoped to cross, and, with the river between him and Grant, secure his retreat. But Grant's movements were too rapid to permit of this. Lee was compelled to fight at Deatonsville, where he was defeated, his loss amounting to thirteen thousand prisoners, including Lieutenant-General Ewell and Major-Generals Custis Lee, Kershaw, Corse, De Barry, Anderson, Hunton, and Barton. Fourteen cannon were taken, and several hundred wagons.

This battle was fought on Thursday, April 6. The next day General Grant wrote to Lee asking him to surrender "that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia." He said: "The result of last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle." Lee replied the same day, saying that though he was not entirely of Grant's opinion as to the hopelessness of further resistance, he reciprocated the desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and asked upon what terms Grant would accept the surrender. On the 8th Grant again wrote declaring that he should insist upon but one condition, viz.: "That the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged." To this Lee replied that he did not think the emergency had arisen to call for the surrender, but desired an interview at 10 A.M. the next day on the old stage road to Richmond in respect to the restoration of peace. On the 9th Grant wrote that he had no authority to grant such an interview. He said, "The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed."

This note was received by Lee on the spot which he had designated for the interview. He immediately replied, stating that he had received the note on the picket line, whither he had come to meet Grant and ascertain definitely the terms on which the army could be surrendered. He seemed to have forgotten that he had said most distinctly in his letter requesting the interview that he could not meet Grant with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia. He now fell back upon Grant's original offer, and requested an interview for the specification of the terms of surrender. This letter reached Grant on the Farmville and Lynchburg Road. He immediately hastened to the front to meet Lee. At Appomattox Court House General Grant stipulated that rolls of all the officers and men should be made in duplicate; that both officers and men should give their parole not to take arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; that all the arms, artillery, and public property should be turned over, excepting the side-arms, horses, and private baggage of the officers; that each officer and man should be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they should observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside. General Lee replied in the following terms:

General,—I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee, General.

OPERATIONS AGAINST MOBILE.

On the 17th of March the Thirteenth and Sixteenth Corps invested the Spanish Fort, one of the principal defenses of the city of Mobile, on the east side of the bay. On the 29th the national troops were intrenched within seventy yards of the enemy's rifle-pits. Up to the 31st the Union loss was about 800. Two national iron-clads, the Monitors Milwaukee and Osage, were blown up in Mobile bay on the 28th and 29th ult., by rebel torpedoes, killing four men and wounding seven. As the vessels sunk in shallow water it is thought they can be raised.

The column of national troops under General Steele, which left Pensacola, Fla., on the 20th of March, arrived in Front of Mobile, opened communication with General Canby's force, and commenced hostilities on the 29th. On his march General Steele had considerable skirmishing, but met with no serious opposition. At one point on the route the rebel cavalry were found drawn up as if determined on desperate work; but at the first charge from the national troops they broke in confusion. Some of them fled instantly, others surrendered without firing a shot, while many threw down their arms and begged for mercy. Altogether General Steele's captures were one brigadier-general, twenty-two other officers, four hundred men, and four hundred and fifty horses. At another point on his march General Steele's men cut the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad, and captured two wagon trains.

NEWS ITEMS.

The President issued an important proclamation on the 11th, claiming that our vessels of war in foreign ports shall no longer be subjected to restrictions as at present, but shall have the same rights and hospitalities which are extended to foreign men-of-war in the ports of the United States, and declaring that hereafter the cruisers of every nation shall receive the same treatment which in their ports they accord to ours.

Admiral Porter reports that the rebels blew up the following vessels in the James: *Virginia*, flag-ship, 4 guns; iron-clad *Richmond*, 4 guns; iron-clad *Fredericksburg*, 4 guns; iron-clad *Nansemond*, 2 guns; wooden ship *Hampton*, 2 guns; wooden ship *Roanoke*, 1 gun; and the wooden torpedo tender *Sherapne*.

A paper at Paducah, Kentucky, has a report that Wilson's cavalry has completely routed Forrest's forces near Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

Refugees from Danville, as late as April 5, state positively that Stoneman's column, which was last heard from at Boone, Watauga County, North Carolina, reached the Danville Road on Tuesday last, and commenced tearing up the new track between Danville and Greensborough.

Among the war material captured last week by Sheridan were five guns of the Armstrong pattern, said to have been a present from the English Government to the Confederates, and had not yet been used. They are beautiful specimens of manufacture.

It is announced that Garibaldi's daughter, Teresita, has just given birth at Caprera to a boy, who, by his grandfather's desire, has been christened Lincoln, in honor of the "American President who has abolished slavery."

FOREIGN NEWS.

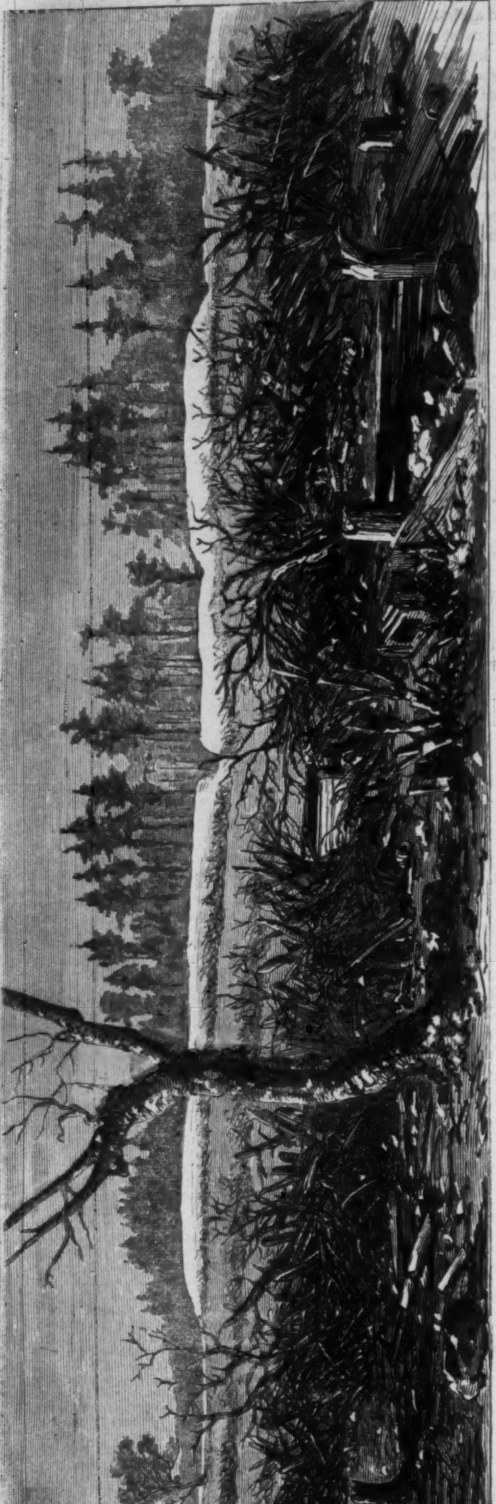
EUROPE.

According to Paris advices the rebel ram *Stonewall* left Ferrol March 21, accompanied to sea by a Spanish frigate. The United States frigates *Niagara* and *Sacramento* immediately followed, and the *Stonewall* returned to port.

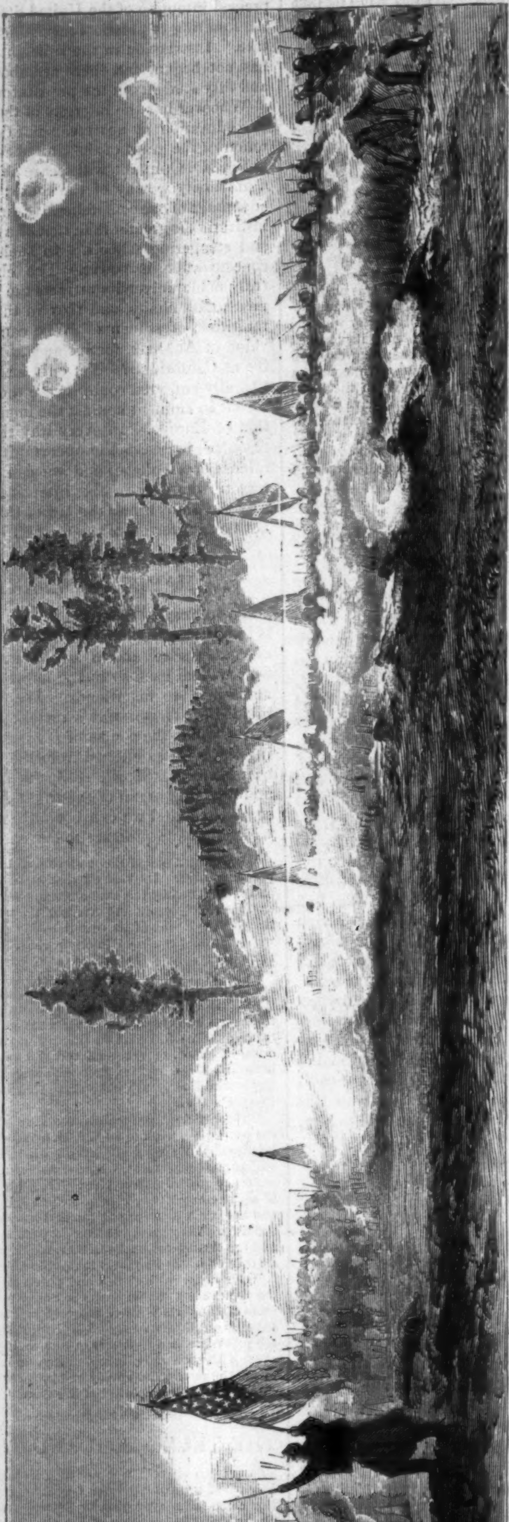
It is expected that before July 20 telegraphic communication will be established between Europe and America. Captain James Anderson, of the Cunard steamer *China*, has been appointed to command the *Great Eastern* during the laying of the cable. That vessel will sail from Valencia, Ireland, about the 1st of July, and by the middle of that month will be due at Heart's Content, Trinity Bay.

SOUTH AMERICA.

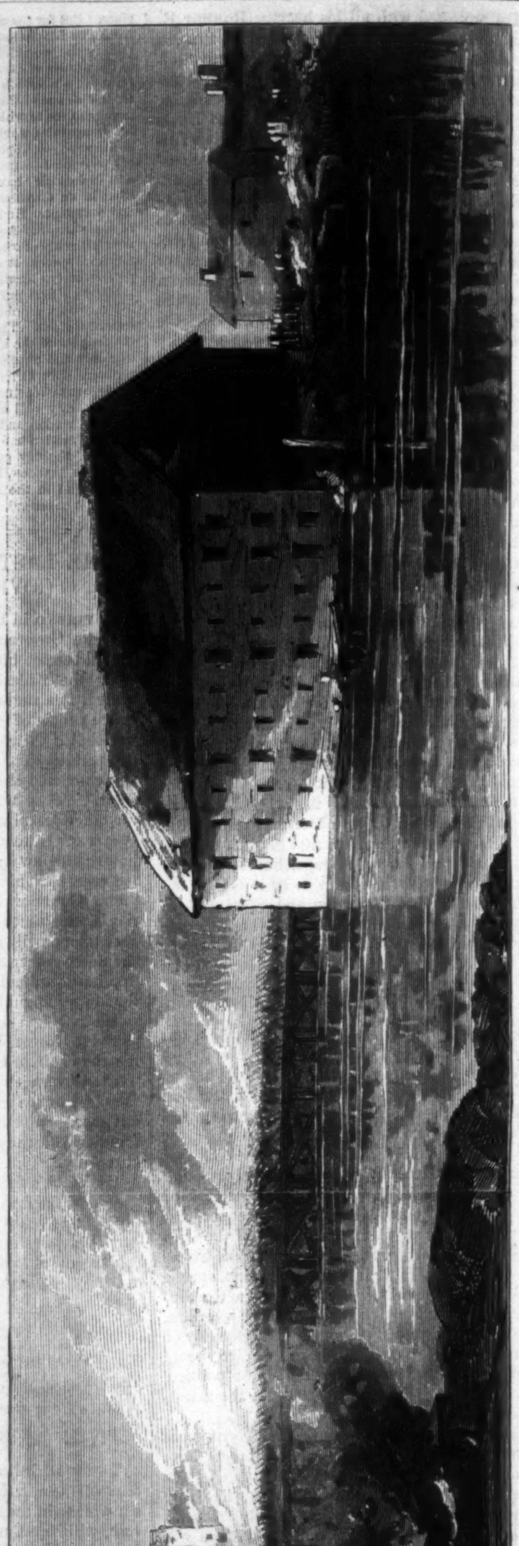
The war in Uruguay still goes on. At the latest advices hostilities had commenced on the 9th of February before Montevideo. Flores had offered the port of Buceo to the foreign residents as a place of refuge.



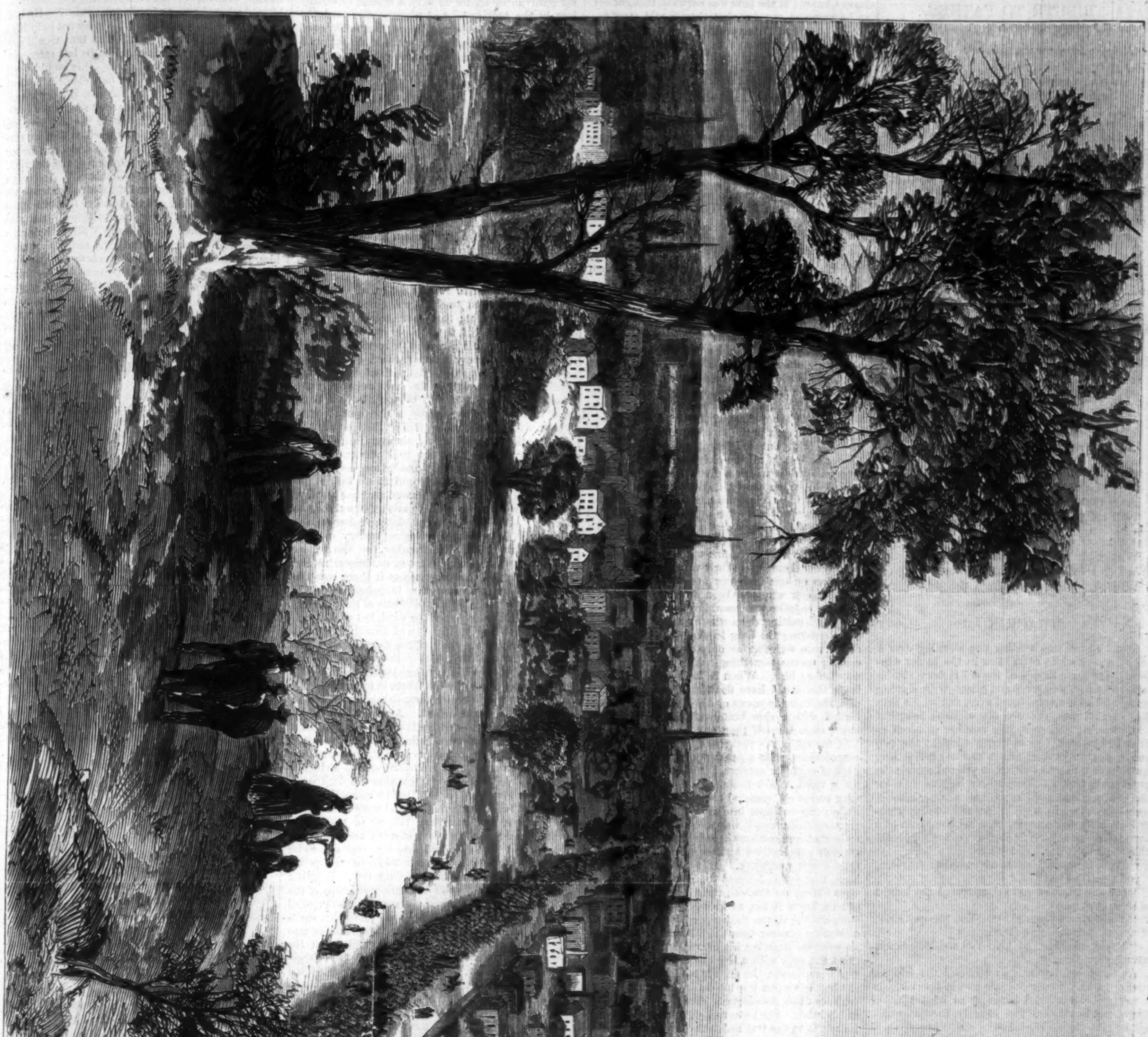
BEFORE PETERSBURG—REBEL FORT AND LINE OF WORKS NEAR BURGESS MILLS, CAPTURED BY THE SIXTH CORPS, April 2, 1865.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]



GALLANT ACTION OF COLONEL SNIPER, 185th NEW YORK, March 29, 1865.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]



BEFORE PETERSBURG—THE RETREAT OF THE REBELS ACROSS THE APPOMATTOX, BY THE POCAHONTAS BRIDGE, April 3, 1865.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]



THE UNION ARMY ENTERING PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, April 3, 1865.—[Sketched by J. R. Hamilton.]

A TRIBUTE TO FATHER.

SENT WITH A PAIR OF SLIPPERS TO THE ARMY.

I'm sitting alone by the window,
Outlooking the forest afar,
And dreamily working a slipper
For Father, who's gone to the war.

The green bud grows on the slipper,
And the green bud swells on the tree,
And the wind sighs in the pine-tops,
And, Father, I'm sighing for thee.

From the old oak down in the meadow
Comes the crow's monotonous caw;
And the blue-bird sings in the garden,
And I sing "Gone to the war."

As a nun counts her beads at her prayers
I'm counting the days till you come,
And praying the angels to bear you
Safe under their wings to your home.

Do you know that I've been with you, Father,
Through all of this weary campaign?
My feet have been bruised with your marchings;
Beneath the cold heavens I've lain.

By your side have I wrought in the trenches—
Stood guard in the heat and the dust;
I've hungered and thirsted and fainted—
I've broken with you the hard crust.

I know that the good God is with us—
I know the right triumphs at last;
I know that a glorious rainbow
Will smile when the tempest is past.

But I know not—He only knoweth,
Whose pleasure is infinite law—
Whether these slippers, dear Father,
Will ever come home from the war.

TRACKING.

Susan Aldus was bending one morning over a box of snowy white calla lilies in the parlor window. Her name itself had the old Hebrew signification of a lily, and erect and pliant, with shining head, with soft, starry, hazel eyes, and with a skin that dazzled you, she was one of those beautiful white women that seem like nothing so much as lilies themselves. So evidently thought the two young men in hunting gear who stood beside her, watching her fingers twinkle in and out among the great green leaves. Then with a heightened color one of them sauntered away, and seating himself near a table took up a newspaper and was apparently lost in its contents, which must have been of a particularly absorbing nature, as he found himself able to peruse them upside down.

"Well, Clement," said a lady entering the room, "you are off at last?"

"Off at last, Mrs. Aldus," answered the knight of the newspaper.

"We shall miss you sadly. You are quite one of us, you know. And Hervey too."

"Thank you, Mrs. Aldus. You and Miss Susan have been very kind."

As she heard her name mentioned the faintest rose crept chilly over Susan's cheek, but without turning she continued listening to what Hervey murmured in her ear. But, directly, the latter suspected that though she lent him the little rosy shell of her ear, she kept all its inner hearing for Clement and her mother. There is nothing so suspicious as love; and abruptly silencing himself, he leaned against the side of the window and watched her without a word.

"Now you are angry with me," said Susan, looking up in her appealing way after the silence had continued for some time. "Are you waiting for the answer to some question that I lost?"

"I am waiting for an answer, indeed!" murmured he, looking at her intently. But with the faint, fleeting flush again, Susan busied herself over her flowers.

Meanwhile Clement was mapping out their route to Mrs. Aldus, disdaining either to watch or to hearken, but feeling, as it were through the pores of his skin, that Hervey was saying tender things to Susan, and Susan was listening. Suddenly he drew a writing-stand toward himself, and without pausing to reason penned a few vehement lines, inclosed them in an envelope at hand, sealed, directed, and left it on the table. Then he leaned back, impatient to be gone, yet hindered by his honor from hurrying his adversary, who was at the same time his friend.

Perhaps if he had been asked the question Clement would have found it hard to answer whether he most desired himself or his friend to find success in this suit; for it had always seemed to him before now that he loved Hervey as a part of himself, but then Susan Aldus *was* himself. He and Susan had been children together; they had called each other husband and wife in earnest while yet in pinafores; they had been fast friends since through years of separation; but owing to that separation which had given him doubt and uncertainty as to her feelings, not till the note written that day in her presence and that of his rival had Clement ventured to tell her all that she was to him.

As for Hervey, he had been a college companion of Clement's; he had been introduced to Susan by Clement; and ravished out of himself, forgetful of friendship and every thing else in his sudden ardent passion, he had used his best endeavors to win her regard, and had bent before her more than could have been expected from so fiery, impetuous, and haughty a spirit as his. But so quietly had Susan maintained her maiden reserve that to this moment, though he palpitated hourly between hope and despair, he could not fully assure himself whether he or Clement were the favored one. So tormenting had he found the suspense that he had resolved upon ending it and tearing himself away. But to go and leave Clement in the field was not to be thought of; so he proposed one day that they should start together on a hunting expedition into the woods of Maine, quartering themselves upon a lumber camp and its gang of sturdy lumbermen; and scorning to win favor merely by his own presence in the other's absence, Clement had not hesitated to take part in the wintry exposure and all the exhilaration of crisp air, sparkling snow, and the eager hunt.

"Now, young gentlemen," said Mrs. Aldus, mildly, "you never must consider me inhospitable; but as you told me the boat left the pier at twelve, excuse me for admonishing you that you have but three minutes to reach it in."

"Ah, Mrs. Aldus, you do not forget the promised haunch of venison!" said Hervey. "Well, we're off. But,

"'Following the wild deer and chasing the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go!'"

he declared, in undertone, to Susan. And then shaking hands with her mother he went out.

Clement lingered a moment to bid farewell, and, as he stood by the table, scattered over the note that he left there all the hundred petals of a moss rose that he had taken from its vase and played with half an hour gone. Then he, too, went; and before high noon they were steaming down the harbor, leaving cold white clouds behind them as they sped, and meaning after they had reached their first destination to reach their final one by means of train and stage and slow-dragging lumber-team.

They had been in the forest camp about a week, meeting with but indifferent success from their rifles, and lost in all the cheer and novelty of the scene. By day, within a given radius, and accompanied by some trusty guide, they scoured the woods; by night, clustered round the immense fire, while some slept and some shook dice, some boiled down the shining spruce-gum and some handled a clumsy needle, they listened to the wild stories of forest life, related with fine relish of its dangers, till the blood curdled in their veins.

It was on one such raw and windy night that the teamster who had been down to the nearest town for supplies was heard hawing and geeing his oxen, and putting them carefully up for the night. Then entering the long log-hut he was met with such warm welcome as only those receive whose coming means something, while every one made way before him. When he had removed the vast boots that could have floundered, one might have said, through the snows of a dozen winters, he proceeded, with a slow tantalization that he enjoyed much more himself than any one else did, to unload his capacious pockets of their all and sundry commissions, with a package of tobacco for one, a pack of cards for another, a parcel of confectionery for a third, a jack-knife for a fourth, and at the very end of all, rumpled and crumpled, he tossed a little perfumed note into Clement's hands. A little perfumed note—it was the scent that Susan was so fond of, and neither the neighborhood of tobacco, pipe, or peppermints had been able to deaden its faint sweet pungency. It was from Susan—he knew that before he read the superscription; Hervey, sitting on the other side of the rude stone hearth, knew it too, as he testified by his sudden start and bend, the flush upon his face, his quick, glistening glance; then the lids were dropped, and he went on drawing his charcoal sketches on the great flat rock with a live ember in the tongs. It was from Susan; the answer to the note that Clement had left upon the table for her scattered over with its moss rose-leaves. Truly he held his fate in his hands. She loves me—loves me not. Should he put it to the test and tear open the dainty seal before Hervey—before all these others, rough but kindly curious eyes—read her words in any presence but his own alone—learn whether he were a solitary, unloved wretch, or whether he were most supremely blessed for life and for death, with a hundred faces to watch the changes of his own, its joy or its despair? But then, on the other hand, to wait till daylight, perhaps to die in the night, with this panting heart-ache, and never to have known whether she loved or hated, was his or another's. Waiting was impossible. He threw a pitch-pine knot into the fire, bent forward with the sheet held screeningly, so that the blaze might fall thereon, and whatever was written there he read it. He was long about it. Meanwhile, for the life of him, bend them elsewhere as much as he might, Hervey could not keep his eyes away; back again they came, as if upon some steel spring, and tried their worst to read in the face held low over the sheet, in the figure, in the hands, what Susan Aldus had to say to Clement, and what hope there was for him himself. Were the veins so big upon his forehead from emotion or from the way the head was bent above the hot fire? Was he so long in reading because the words were too dear, too precious to part with any way but lingeringly, or did he hang there till he should have recovered self-control from any pang of disappointment? How could Hervey tell? Suddenly Clement rose, and before one could fairly see his face had gone out into the night. As he opened the door there came the wild, shrill cry like the voice of a woman in mortal agony and distress. Others sprang to their feet for a moment, and Clement darted wildly through the doorway. "Yes, yes," thought Hervey; "it seemed to him that it was Susan's voice; and she must be his, or why should he rush as if he, and not I, had the right to save her? And why was he going out into the dark at all, except that I might not see the happiness he could not repress?" And then as he bowed his head down on his knees with his hands clasped round them, his thoughts grew wild and evil and full of execrations; and again, through door or window or chink of log, came that shrill, sharp shriek.

"Catamounts round," said one of the loggers. "That air friend o' yourn's a green hand, I reckon, and took it for a girl. I've knowed men to be tolled on to their death by it 'fore now, drawed away into the middle of lonesome woodsy places and tore to bits. Just as cunning as the old Harry that beast is. Yes—that's the reg'lar Injun Devil. Guess I'll step out and see to the green hand a bit; he'll be for gallivantin' off for to save a woman or a baby lost in the hollers." And shortly afterward the logger returned, bringing Clement beside him, and sitting down entertained him till midnight with recital of all the horrors a pioneer can have to tell.

It was the next morning that, according to previous agreement, the two friends started out after deer, tracks having been seen on the day before. They felt now sufficiently acquainted with the situation of things to dispense with a guide—perhaps, besides, they mutually desired to be alone with one another. If this last were their object, however, it was soon frustrated, since, following the trail, the broken crust of the deep snow, the soft-lipped browsing of black-birch stems, they suddenly lost it altogether, and were obliged to separate in order the sooner to strike it again. It seemed wisest to Clement to trace the course of a little frozen brooklet down to its outlet, on a meadow just where there was a break in the forest, that immediately beyond the marsh began again and went on denser and darker and wilder into the north. As he did so, all at once he thought he noticed tracks again along the bank. He was quite right; there were tracks. He halloed to Hervey, but received no answer. It was too exciting to dally, and after another hallo he plunged along, every moment surer, and making certain that he was upon the path of some young buck, for the footprints in the snow were evidently those of long agile bounds till they left the bank and went along upon the ice of the frozen brook. There was a light snow falling, just enough to sheathe the ice, a soft, slow, showery fall of large-feathered flakes. That the trail was recent was evident from the fact that one by one, as he went following, there were the footprints set before him in the thin damp snow. Clement pursued his way, on fire now with eagerness to bring down the game himself. At last the brook debouched upon the marshy meadow whose springing spongy moss in summer-time it fed. The meadow, too, was a sheet of ice, overflowed in a freshet of autumn rains and then frozen, and half-way across it there rose the stem of a single tree, its few branches, only half sheltered by the great amphitheatre of the pine forest, all bent one way with the wind, but each bough stalwart as a floor itself. It was directly to the foot of this tree that the track of the deer led, one print falling before another, and there they stopped. Clement rubbed his eyes in perplexity—then he glanced up at the tree a second—but when, in natural history, had deer or moose been known to take to the trees? Yet here the tracks ceased. And at a loss he retraced them again—perhaps it was at just that point that the snow began to fall, so that they started from there and went into the wood from the meadow with its one tree, instead of the reverse as he had at first supposed. Yet upon reaching the dark wood again, he persuaded himself that he was wrong now and right before, that the deer had gone from thence to the tree, and what had become of him then; whether he had made a leap of a few acres or so, or whether he had vanished into air, was yet to be discovered. Again Clement followed the prints and found himself at the foot of the tree. Whether it were from curiosity or from idle wandering of the mind, this time he stooped abstractedly and brushed the thin veil of snow from the ice. A sudden shudder swept over him from top to toe. The ice was scratched! These were no deer tracks, but the print of feet armed with long claws, the feet of some deadly wild beast. In a cold horror he rose and stared instead of glanced into the tree, and as he did so, his fascinated gaze was suspended on the eyeball, glaring like a live coal, of a half-hidden face that glowered at him from between the lower branches, a hairy ferocious brute-face, panther or catamount, or Indian devil, with its snarling blood-red lip drawn up, its rough hide bristling, its wild fierce savage spirit kindling its tawny frame to the lithe leap. Flight, of course, was out of the question. No one would have heard him had he called for help. He had his own right arm to trust to—perhaps there was that in his soul to-day which gave the encounter a certain relish, so to work off all his wrath and spleen and woe might be well. He dropped upon one knee that he might the better command the creature with his aim, the beast with low rapacious growl cautiously drew up his haunches to spring. In that moment the percussion-cap snapped, his rifle was useless, the priming had been dampened by the snow. Then all manner of thoughts burst over him like the stars from a rocket. He remembered all the fearful stories of the loggers. He remembered the twilight of the day before, when, skating down the lake, all along its bluffy, cliff-like shores on either side, the gaunt gray heads of the wolves had been sketched into the shadow, chasing him breathlessly till the bank should afford some break that would let them upon the ice and at him, chasing till the glad barking of the camp-dogs—and never was sound so sweet—had given them pause and driven them back. Yet that was a danger past and to be forgotten. And now here was worse, here was one beast, but he at its mercy; one beast, but madder, fiercer to rend and slaver, possessed of a fiery venom, a gigantic strength, a cruel, terrible demon. Clement's heart stood still. And in that blank fainting deathly instant a voice cried, "Do not stir, for your life!" And disobeying the injunction in the same breath, he turned his head and saw Hervey on the shore behind with his leveled rifle.

As Hervey had followed his own path, he heard, far off and faint, like imagined rather than real sound, Clement's halloo as he had struck the trail; and wheeling about he wandered along endeavoring to ascertain its direction. Suddenly, he too struck upon the footprints on the brink, followed them to the frozen brook, tracked them down to the meadow, and there a single glance photographed upon his brain Clement kneeling there defenseless, as he guessed, and, in the boughs above, the red-lipped beast with his eye of fire, and his sharp teeth gleaming and glittering like knives, all ready for the fatal spring. With the first breath the natural instinct to defend our own race against any other ruled; but with the next a wicked wrath told him that this was Clement, the winner of the love that he himself desired, successful where he was scorned, blessed where he was cursed. Save him? He had better perish! Better perish? Why not help him perish! If a swift bullet laid him low, would not the beast finish the game, and he be left secure in safety to make his own what the other would then have left? But even in the one electric instant when this man's nature looked into the depths of hell, a branding blush dyed his brow; horror of himself almost unsteadied his hand; the old love of Clement rose, as if a corpse returned to life; an unspeakable fear for his safety possessed him; honor and humanity showed him their faces again; he cried, "Do not stir for your life, Clement!" And with the flash and the sound and the shock the branches swung heavily aside, and the panther fell, biting the red ice at Clement's feet, and stiffened stark and dead. And before either could realize the truth Hervey had Clement by the hand and was raising him, for though Hervey never knew the pang of fear, Clement's was one of those sensitive organizations that answer every horror with physical powerlessness. And then each feeling the sinner in his own heart, they fell on one another's neck and wept. But in a moment they were men again. Then pausing only to reload their rifles, they dragged the dead brute in triumph back to camp.

That night, before the lumbermen returned to the log-hut, Hervey coming in, found Clement sitting there before him. He had an open letter in his hand as he sat, the same he had received on the previous evening. He looked at the fire, and not at Hervey, but held the letter toward him, saying, in a sorry attempt at cheerfulness, "That is for you to read, old boy!"

Hervey read, the blood rushing over his face, leaving and coming again.

"You see," said Clement, as he handed it back to him, "I am nothing to her but a brother. She remembers the long, happy years of our childhood in the past; she hopes for as long and as happy years of friendship in the future. She begs me to let things rest. But there is more in the little letter than is written, Hervey. Do you see? It is plain—plain that her heart is no longer in her own keeping. In whose keeping then? Susan knows intimately but two men in all the world, you and me. The way is easy for you. I shall stay here, Hervey. The wild woods-life must do me good. I need, you see, to gather my strength and harden my nerve. A winter here, hard and stern, will conquer this idle fancy of mine. As for you, go in and win. Go home to-morrow, Hervey. And when I come down in May I shall have learned to think of Susan as your wife, and you as still my friend, and all without a shudder."

And there the two clasped hands. And Clement staid behind among the loggers and the wild rigors of the forest-life. And Hervey went in and won.

THE SEA-KING'S DAUGHTER.

Down below the sparkling water,
'Mid her treasures bright and rare,
Sits the sea-king's beauteous daughter,
Braiding up her golden hair.
Ever thus she's softly sighing,
While the heaving billows roll,
Give to me a mortal lover!
Give me an immortal soul!
If some child of earth would love me,
Breathing tender words and sighs,
Like the orbs that beam above me,
I might dwell in yonder skies.

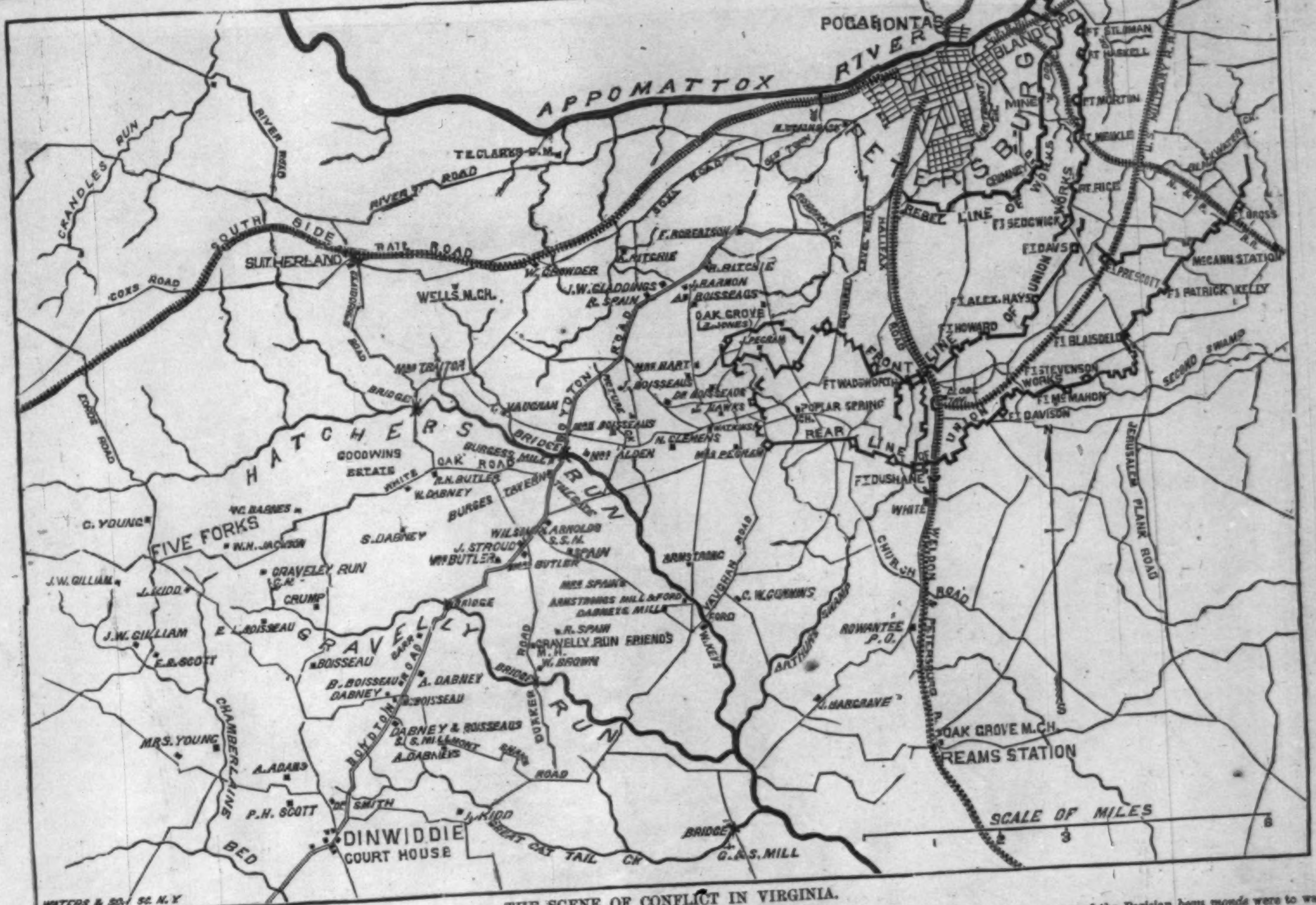
Sad thy fate, O fair sea-maiden!
From this dream thou'll wake to prove,
Hearts are aye with grief o'erladen,
When they build on human love!
Better lie below the billow,
Wrapp'd in ocean's deadly fold,
Than live on and wear the willow,
For a love grown false and cold.
Still below the sparkling water,
'Mid her treasures bright and rare,
Happy dwells the sea-king's daughter,
Free from love, and love's despair.

DISAGREEABLE GIRLS.

Probably no one will dissent from me when I assert that, of all unpleasing members of society, a disagreeable girl is the most objectionable. I may with safety opine that not one who glances over these lines can affirm that he or she has had the good fortune never to have met with one of the class. A disagreeable young man is bad enough, but then he is more readily to be pardoned, as it is not his vocation to render himself attractive, and one does not feel so much delicacy in snubbing one of the ruder sex as in hinting to a disagreeable young lady that her room would be infinitely preferable to her company.

There are many varieties in the genus disagreeable girl. There is the sulky, the giggling, the defiantly ugly, the spiteful, the stupid, the forward, the prim, the loud-voiced, the affected, the—nay, dictionaries might be ransacked for terms whereby to designate the multiform aspects under which the disagreeable girl presents herself.

Perhaps the most disagreeable girl is she whose chief specialty is spitefulness. My own private opinion is that every female, from the prattler of six to the grandmother whose age can with difficulty be computed, ought to be amiable, and try to help in softening the harshness of our naturally care-laden existence. But those who indulge in the pleasures of spite hold that one drop of gall is more to be valued than a hive filled with honey. The spiteful girl never has a kind word or glance for any body; every sentence she utters is cruel, if her hearers are silly enough to be impressed by what she says. To guard against being paid back in her own coin, she covers herself with a shield of mock humility. She always selects as her point of attack little pet weaknesses or vanities. She is



THE SCENE OF CONFLICT IN VIRGINIA.

as willing to tell people what she thinks as she is to speak of them during their absence. I think she rather prefers it, as she is thus able to inflict more pain and vexation. "You made that dress yourself?" she says to a friend. "Ah! I thought so: one can see directly the difference between a thing made by a dress-maker and an amateur." Or, if the dress has passed through the hands of a dress-maker: "I must say, dear, that she has by no means done justice to your figure. What a pity! How many yards did you say you gave her?" Then, with a look of incredulity, followed by one of compassion, "My dear, she has certainly robbed you. She has not given you half your stuff. We all know how these people *crib*. Why did you have blue? It is horridly unbecoming to you. Why did you let her put in that sleeve? that shape has quite gone out," etc., etc. To a musical friend she declares, with a wry face, that amateur playing or singing is unendurable, and a sheer waste of time; for the spiteful girl, though she affects much judgment, rarely hath any music in her soul. If one of her friends—acquaintances, it should be said, for she has no real friend—if some girl whom she knows happens to pique herself on the beauty of her needle-work, she continually tells her that it is absurd to fritter away precious time on doing things which may be purchased for a mere trifle now; and if she is obliged to admit that the work shown is well done, she regrets that so ugly, or ineffective, or old-fashioned, or easily soiled a pattern should have been selected, or objects to the combinations of color, or asserts that crochet is rapidly becoming "out of date," or, any thing which may suggest itself to her imagination. If she knows that any body fancies they have a reputation for being clever, she says, with an indescribable look, which points, or barbs, her remark, "How nice it must be to have any kind of talent, even a spark of the divine fire. What a pity it is one never meets any clever people in private life!"

The sulky girl is only second to her spiteful sister. Nothing pleases her. The day is too hot, too cold, too sunny, too dull; she will not admit that she cares about any thing. Ask her opinion, and she irritates you by the very tone in which she answers you. She is often a sloven, for she regards the world with disdain; she is frequently ugly, and revenges her misfortune—if it be such—on every body who may come within her reach. There is a wonderful difference in ugliness. Pleasant ugliness will often gain the preference over supercilious beauty; but sullen ugliness is without question most repulsive.

The girl who insists in reposing confidence in all her friends is eminently disagreeable. It is not particularly flattering, but decidedly a bore, to be the depositary of her secrets; for, in the first place, they are not worth knowing—secrets very seldom are—and in the second, you are perfectly conscious that all her friends and acquaintances are in the receipt of them. They are generally love-secrets, referring either to her or somebody else's affairs. If she would simply tell you, and please herself by the sound of her own voice, it would be bad enough; but she asks so dolefully and so seriously for your advice, that you are vexed with yourself for not being able to sympathize with her griefs or her joys.

The girl with one idea is undoubtedly disagreeable. So long as people are talking around her of any thing in which she takes no interest, she will sit or lean back in her chair with a countenance in which nothing but stolid stupidity or weariness is depicted; if some one chances to touch on her favorite topic—dress, flirtation, personal appearances, scandal, be it what it may—she starts up and begins to chatter as if she had been wound up like a clock. Unfortunately, it usually happens that her favorite subject is one of narrow limits, which does not admit of prolonged discussion. This girl is much addicted to whispering in a corner.

The irritable, capricious girl is detestable. The slightest word, spoken at random, will suffice to estrange her from her "dearest friends." She is not in the habit of making such bitter speeches as the spiteful girl, but she contradicts, and interrupts, and reproaches in the most provoking manner every instant. She is disrespectful to her parents, cross and unyielding with her brothers and sisters, captious with her friends, barely civil to her acquaintances. The latter, however, fare the best with her, as she is either ashamed or has no opportunity to display her ill temper before those of whom she knows little.

There is one disagreeable girl who combines all the unpopular qualities of her sisters. She is haughty, she is plain, but tries to compel every one to confess that she is the reverse; she is irritable, she is sulky, she patronizes those who do not either declare open war against her, or treat her opinion with thinly-disguised contempt; she says spiteful things with an air of condescension; like the famous miller of song, she "cares for nobody," and regards love and friendship as chimeras of the brain.

Some girls are disagreeable to those of their own sex, but very agreeable in the society of "the gentlemen;" others are voted extremely disagreeable by men, but liked by women; others, again, are disagreeable to every body. Some are disagreeable because they can not help being so; others are disagreeable because they will not take the trouble to rid themselves of the peculiar quality which renders them unendurable. Some are pleasing at first, but after a little time, from some mysterious cause, they change, and become excessively disagreeable. These girls are perpetually acquiring and losing friends, and it is to be observed that, when they have lost a friend, they seize every occasion of "backbiting" and "telling tales" of them, and assure you that "Really, I was not to blame in the matter at all; now would *you* have put up with such treatment?"

The aggressively handsome and the aggravatingly ugly girls are equally disagreeable. The one is either utterly inane or intolerably flippant, seeing in every other girl a rival, and in every man a victim; the other is perhaps resentful and "strong-minded," or stolidly stupid. It would be impossible to pronounce which of these types might be called the most disagreeable.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Eccentricities of Parisian Toilets.—Women as youthful and as fresh as spring wear dresses covered with artificial insects, butterflies, lizards, scarabees, shells, and birds, rain-drops, and showers of bugles. Duchesses and Marchionesses may be seen at the theatres in red satin and yellow velvet jackets, ornamented with steel, crystal drops, and Chinese embroideries. All that is eccentric and showy is accepted with enthusiasm. The jewelry follows in the same wake; sleeve-studs are made with "Apartments to let" written on them; gold brooches are fashioned with the four aces in black enamel, and mounted as weather-cocks; the ear-rings are both heavy and long, and the necklaces are equally out of proportion. What is delicate and feminine gives way to exaggeration and eccentricity.

A Female Pirate.—Piracy was, in early times, a favorite and fashionable pursuit. One of the most celebrated pirates of the Northern seas was a Princess Alvilda, the daughter of a Gothic king, who, according to the legend, embraced the occupation of a sea-rover to relieve herself from a marriage which was sought to be imposed upon her, contrary to her inclination, with Alf, a Danish prince. She habited herself in male costume, and selected as her rowers and crew a band of Amazonian damsels, who assumed the same attire. Touching at a strange port in one of her first cruises, she met an association of male pirates, who were bewailing the death of their leader, and, captivated by the gallant bearing of the heroine, they chose her as their chief. Thus reinforced, she became so formidable in her depredations that her former suitor was sent to encounter her, and a fierce contest ensued at sea, in which, after vigorously repulsing for a time his warlike assaults, Alf at length boarded her bark, and, having slain numbers of her crew, she became his prisoner. The Princess wore a casque, which concealed her face; he raised it, and recognizing his former fair one, she fainted in his arms, and on his again offering her his hand she became his bride.

A New Opening for Photography.—Not long ago there appeared in various publications the copy of an epitaph on a tombstone, below which the widow had caused the announcement to be engraved that she continued to carry on her husband's business; thus preserving a certain bond of union between the dead and the living, and making a profit out of the grave. Not long ago it occurred to a photographer that he might increase his business by announcing that he copied photographs of deceased individuals, and prepared them in such a way that, if placed in coffins along with the defunct, they would endure for any number of ages. Since that time the practice is said to have become common on the Continent. And it is very evident that a good deal may be said in its favor; more than can be said of a novel proceeding of a well-favored widow, who, lately, in one of the foreign cemeteries, instead of hanging a crown of immortelles on the tomb of her deceased husband, hung a portrait of herself.

The Ruling Passion.—Whoever has visited Nismes has seen the ruins of the great amphitheatre, and will remember how dangerous it appeared to climb to the summit. An anecdote is related in a local paper of a youngster who would persist in mounting the walls, in spite of the orders and threats of his father, in search of bats, which abound among the ruins. One day his father caught sight of him very high up, and, notwithstanding the risk to himself, he managed to reach his boy and seize him by the leg. Dragging him from his hold, he held him suspended by the leg in the air. "Now," said his father, "will you ever climb up here again?" The position was enough to frighten the boy, who could see nothing between him and the ruins a long way below; but, instead of being alarmed, he exclaimed eagerly, "Stoop a little lower, father; I can see a whole swarm of bats in a crack just out of my reach. Let me get them, and I will promise you not to climb up here any more."

A Turkish Tragedy.—A great tragedy is reported from Scutari. An Arab slave in the house of Ahmet Effendi had been promised his freedom, but, at the suggestion of the Effendi's wife, the time for granting it was postponed. Sullen and incensed at this delay, the slave took advantage of the absence of his master and the whole of the household—except the hanum and himself—at mosque, to enter the harem, and deliberately strangle his mistress. The cunning savage then hastened to meet his master, whom he encountered at the mosque door, and told out loudly that he had done his bidding in murdering his mistress. Accompanied by the police and many other persons, the Effendi hurried home, and, on entering the harem, truly enough found the corpse of his murdered wife. The slave then asked his master's thanks for having so well executed his bidding. Upon this charge the bereaved Effendi was taken prisoner by the police, and remained in the common prison till the authorities had fully investigated the tragic affair.

Primitive Costumes.—Several of the Paris journals speak against the extremely *décolleté* style of dress which the ladies have adopted at the balls this season in the French capital: "What remains at the present day of women's dress," says M. E. Texier, in the *Siècle*, "is so small that it is hardly worth talking about. Ladies are almost attired like the natives in South America—with nothing but a necklace. Besides that, such a style of dress may be made very rich. It has the advantage of covering but little; and at a ball, where the heat is always excessive, one can not be too thinly clad!" M. Venet, in the *Monde*, makes the following remark: "If one of the present queens of the Parisian *beau monde* were to walk out of doors in ball costume, the *sergens de ville* would lock her up, and the correctional tribunal would visit her with the withering effect of a conviction."

A Ladies' Duel.—Madame de Nesle, irritated by the attentions of the Duc de Richelieu to Madame de Polignac, wrote her an insulting letter, concluding, "Si du reste, madame, ces raisons ne vous persuadent pas, je vous attendrai demain, dix heures du matin, au Bois de Boulogne. Mon arme est le pistolet." They met, attended by their lady's-maids, and it was arranged that they should fire on reaching a scarf placed half-way between them. Madame de Nesle fired first and missed. Madame de Polignac fired more deliberately, and wounded her rival in the shoulder; but Richelieu, for once in his life, acted like Cato, and preferred the conquered to the conqueror.

In some places in England it has been found necessary to get up an anti-Mormon league, as the gentlemen who wish to wed a few dozen have become very triumphant in their efforts, and it is feared there may be a scarcity of womankind if they go on exporting to America.

Worth Knowing.—A correspondent says: "A young lady, while in the country some years ago, stepped on a rusty nail, which ran through her shoe and foot. The inflammation and pain was of course very great, and lock-jaw apprehended. A friend of the family, however, recommended the application of a beet, taken fresh from the garden and pounded fine, to the wound. It was done, and the effect was very beneficial. Soon the inflammation began to subside, and by keeping on the crushed beet, and changing it for a fresh one, as its virtue seemed to become impaired, a speedy cure was effected. Simple but effectual remedies like this should be known to every one."

A German Word.—In the poem by Hoffman, the German poet, who was expelled from the Prussian dominions, the following word appears: "Steuererverweigerungverfassungsmassigberechtigt"—meaning a man who is exempt by the constitution from the payment of taxes. The expulsion of such a poet as this would be justified by the laws of prosody if not by the code of Prussia.

Some people have the toothache; to them it may be interesting to know without a five-dollar fee that between the tip of the left-hand thumb and the nose there is a great connection; the nerves of the nose are connected with the mouth, and toothache may therefore be cured by the application of a mustard poultice to the tip of the left-hand thumb.

Penmanship.—A veteran living statesman has taken occasion, more than once, to notice publicly the rarity of good penmanship in our age, as compared with former times. It is, in our opinion, a well-founded complaint. Few gentlemen nowadays write a perspicuous hand, or any thing better than a scrawl. How often, when a stranger addresses you, do you find one-half of his sentences unintelligible, and his signature so utterly enigmatical, that you are forced into the impoliteness of cutting out the name and pasting it on the envelope of your answer! If you cast your eye over any extended manuscript or sheaf of letters of the early part of the last century, the writing is generally of a very different character. The writer of this note possesses a manuscript of ten volumes, written at different times, between 1746 and 1773, by a clergyman, and in the whole of it he has never detected an *e* or an *l* without its loop, or an *i* without its dot; neither, in reading, was he ever at a loss about the meaning of a single sentence. We can not say much for the handwriting of ladies of that or any earlier age, for a tolerable education for women is a matter of later date. But certainly there was a time—what may be called the era of our mothers—when feminine handwriting was both elegant and intelligible. Old ladies still, as a rule, write better than young ones.

"Just a little, a *very* little, a *very, very* little!" said the Brook to the Bank.

And the Bank was silent, and the Brook wore its side till the earth melted away and the sods floated down the stream.

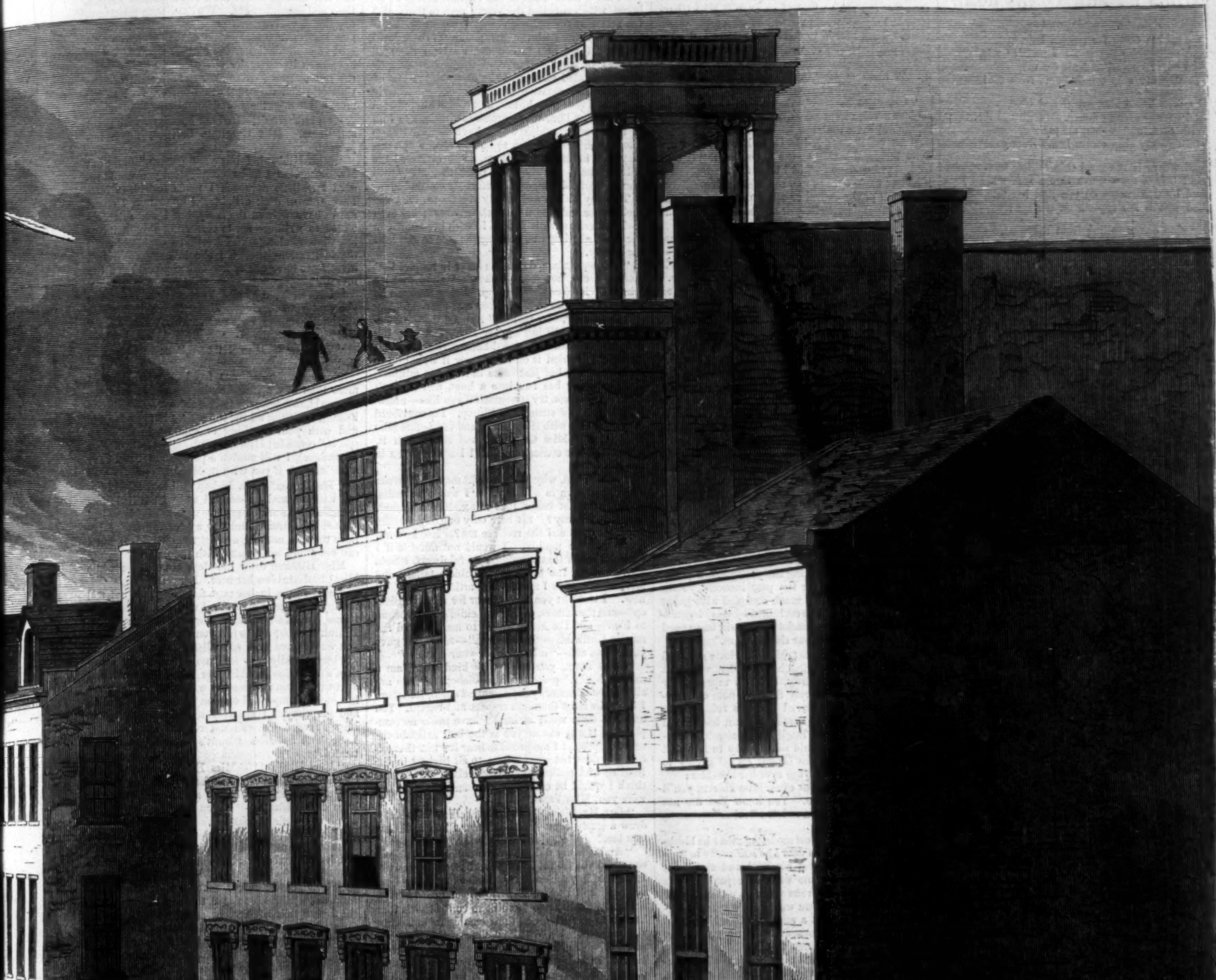
"Just a little more, a very little more!" said the Brook again.

And the waters pressed against the roots of the willows that grew beyond the bank, and laid them bare.

"Just a little, *little* more," said the Brook again; and the widening stream advanced with fresh force till one by one the willows fell and were borne away in the torrent.

"Alas!" cried the Meadow, as the water closed in on it, "if I had not neglected the attack on my bank, my fence would never have been destroyed; but now my protection is gone, and I am rightly served in being turned from a fruitful field into a watery waste."

THE UNION ARMY EN[TERIN]G



G RICHMOND, April 3, 1865.

"WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME FROM SEA."

"O a golden comb for golden hair,
And milk-white pearls for a neck as fair,
And silver chains, and all for me,
The day my ship comes home from sea!

"O silken 'broideries, green and blue,
And wrought with crimson through and through,
With coral and amber, all for me,
The day my ship comes home from sea!"

"And where is the good ship sailing from
That brings these brave things safely home?
And by what name do you hail her free,
And who is her captain on the sea?"

"My ship comes sailing from the west,
And her name is called *The Sailor's Rest;*
And the bravest man of all her crew,
Her captain, is my lover true."

"O never will that ship come home,
Wherever she be sailing from:
I warm'd my hands beneath the stars,
By a fire made of her broken spars.

"And three days dead the captain lay,
But how he died no man may say;
I laid him out by the pale moonrise,
And made a shroud of the 'broideries.

"With coral and gold I weighted him,
And still he was light enough to swim;
With silver chains I bound him down,
There was never a corpse so hard to drown.

"His black hair lines an eagle's nest
On a sea-girt cliff in the lonesome west:
Now jet for coral there must be,
And instead of amber, ebony."

TID'S OLD RED RAG OF A SHAWL.

The Miss Hibberds were holding a court-martial, attended by all the officers in their service, in the dining-room of their school in Lavender Lane.

The Miss Hibberds were of a certain age. Miss Hibberd was tall, had a small fine head, like a greyhound's, which set off her velvet head-dress with lace lappets. She wore hoop-rings on china hands, cambric cuffs on spare wrists, a narrow neck-ribbon, like a dog's collar, fastening a delicate little brooch beneath the skinny bag under the pointed chin, and always looked as if she put herself fully dressed into a safe bandbox at night and took herself out as fresh as paint in the morning.

Miss Charlotte Hibberd was short and stout, with a solid neck, a big head, and much strong grizzled hair, so as to render it difficult for her, in the very same costume as Miss Hibberd, to make the most distant approach to elegance.

Miss Blount, the senior English governess, had turned the old maid's corner of thirty, clothed herself in a lavender woolen gown, with a *ruche* of the same material round the neck, and without any other adornment, in the heat of summer. Her complexion was too muddled to suffer from the wear and tear of life; but the leonine cast of her mouth was deeply dented by high spirit, strong sense, a few crotchets on the social science movement, and considerable experience of grim care.

Mdlle. De la Rue was twenty-eight, and dressed elaborately. She had ringlets, a gilt comb, a knot of ribbon, a nosegay, a general rustle of silk and aroma of perfume. Her sallow face was keen in contour and expression, even when it languished, in accompaniment to words of mock heroism and stage sentiment, quotations from French classics, from Les Horaces, Athalie, and the Ruy Blas.

Fräulein Kester was about the same age as her French sister, put up the broad chin of a broad face in a white worked cravat, and wore a net drawn almost to her invisible eyebrows over her sandy hair, finished by a row of little tassels like little bells all round her head, and a pair of large tassels with loops of cord-like bell-pulls above her left ear. Fräulein Kester was a specimen of good living and phlegmatic philosophy.

Miss Farren, the junior English governess, at eighteen was put, with her own consent, into a lavender gown, in imitation of Miss Blount; but the Quaker color would not quench blushes, erase dimples, nor dim eyes—only mortification and vexation did that. Miss Farren possessed a round-browed, soft-cheeked, cleft-chinned face; but at this moment it was tear-stained, out of the last remnant of pure complexion, with the accompanying nice brown hair and the nice collar and sleeves, like the feathers of the most ruffled little bird in the world.

The court-martial sat on a culprit, and if mercy were not found in the breasts of the members there was little in the court-room to call forth the tender emotions. Miss Farren was crying bitterly, ruffling her brown hair, as crying ruffles hair when little hands press it from the brow, and clasp themselves tightly over the shrinking face. She was arraigned before the authorities, accused of misdemeanor in the presence of her fellows, unmistakably found guilty, and only awaiting her sentence. She was not attempting to prevaricate or defend herself, but collapsing with shame and distress, and willing to creep into a mouse's hole. No marvel that Miss Farren was overcome to listen to the big words hurled at the girl's devoted head. "Evil example," "trust abused," "ingratitude," "giddiness," "unworthy yielding to an unworthy young man's advances." At the last expression Miss Farren looked up and spoke up a little.

"No, please, Miss Hibberd, don't say so; Mr. Bishop did not mean to do me harm—he only meant to be kind." And there Tid broke down worse than ever.

"You are a fine judge, Miss Farren," said Miss Hibberd, with irony. "Very dignified, delicate-minded, brotherly kindness in Mr. Bishop to write notes to Miss Farren, and hand them to her along with the poor dear deceived girls' exercises—notes making appointments for half-holidays; and one of the notes was found and whispered about, so that the affair can not be hushed up even if Miss Charlotte and myself would consent to such a breach of truth. Miss Farren to receive the notes and keep the appointments, and wear particular dresses for the occasions"—bringing herself up short, summing up the main offenses, and leaving herself out of breath—"Oh, Miss Farren!"

"Oh, Miss Farren!" echoed Miss Charlotte, in so deep a voice from her bulk as to have something sepulchral in its tones.

"Ah, ciel!" cried Mdlle. De la Rue, clasping her bony hands, thinking at the same time: "If that cold, shy monsieur had had taste for the tournure, if he had made eyes to me, ma foi! he should have been mon preux chevalier all the seasons without these vieilles demoiselles, or any one else, being the wiser."

"So, so!" Fräulein Kester testified in condemnation, raising her net by an elevation of her light eyebrows, and declining it again, all the tassels shaking simultaneously like so many dumb-bells.

Miss Blount stated plainly: "I am surprised that you could be so foolish, Miss Farren, though you are a girl of eighteen."

"He only wrote to me thrice," pleaded the girl, at bay; "and once was about Miss Martin's bad spelling in her dictation."

"Enough, Miss Farren!" Miss Hibberd ended the sitting austerely. "Thrice or three hundred times, what does it matter? I need not say you must both give up your situations; and I can not tell you whether I am glad or sorry that it is the eve of the Midsummer holidays, and you may be spared disgrace, or that society will lose a warning. But I should like to know how could the upper classes trust Miss Charlotte and me with the rearing and training of young ladies, if they knew that such iniquitous contempt of duty occurred actually within the shelter of our walls? You'll keep your room, Miss Farren; you are not fit to be seen, and you will not be guilty of any further folly in my house. Miss Blount, Mdlle., and Fräulein, I shall feel much obliged by your overlooking the young ladies' packing. It is fortunate for the poor innocent young things that they are too much occupied with going home, to discover and be corrupted by this disgraceful occurrence. Miss Charlotte, you will be so good as to accompany me to our sitting-room."

Miss Hibberd sailed out, Miss Charlotte stumped out, Mademoiselle shrugged her shoulders with that incomparable French shrug, Fräulein repeated her "so, so!" with an entirely different note of meaning. Miss Farren believed she was ruined, and, what was a great deal harder to bear, had ruined young Mr. Bishop, the English and classical master, and wished she could make it up to him and run away forever. Miss Blount set off gruffly to do as she was bid, throwing over her shoulder:

"If you don't dry your eyes, Miss Farren, you'll have one of your sties. You know you are not enough of a woman to have left off sties."

Mr. Bishop was the most modest of men: he blushed after he knocked at a door; he was ready to drop down when he presented his card and stated his business. There was no want of capacity in his broad, fair forehead, serene when it was not pink with agitation; but there was great want of assurance. How so modest a man and Tid, likewise a sensitive girl, found courage to pick up a particular acquaintance and advance to what Miss Hibberd would have called philandering, was one of the puzzles which occur in society every day. Mr. Bishop, besides his constitutional shyness, labored under the constraint of a sense of wrong-doing, with its call for concealment—not in the affair with Tid. Mr. Bishop was so infatuated he saw no culpability there: he felt in the seventh heaven, he glorified himself on his intercourse with Tid; but Mr. Bishop had a vice—not dogs or horses—to which he was addicted; he smoked, he smoked pretty considerably. A reckless, dissipated young man he was, more particular about the quality of his Havanas and Manillas than the texture of his kids; and he could not resist the desire or deny himself its gratification. His long trudges on foot, his jolting rides in 'busses, his irregular meals—he had neither mother nor sister to live with him—his wearing, worrying profession, his solitary life might be slight excuses. Notwithstanding, to enter No. 2 Lavender Lane, or any other virgin's bower, with an odor of stale tobacco, even in the refined guise of the best cheroots, impregnating and oozing from his person, was a privilege Mr. Bishop was sufficiently open to reason to recognize could only be accorded to Fräulein Kester's huge, tranquil countryman, Herr Schneider, who never doubted that every body, Frau and Fräulein, approved of his meerschaum and its enchantment—a privilege absolutely refused to a young English and classical master. Mr. Bishop was constantly sniffing his own air guiltily, unfurling his frayed-out handkerchief with its overdone, atrocious odor of patchouli, drawing his fingers through his soft lank hair. In his agonizing apprehensions of accusation and remonstrance from teachers like the Miss Hibberds and the female heads of families, Mr. Bishop ran up a serious score at a hair-dresser's for aromatic pomades and perfumes, and he bought and paid for as many bouquets, like a dandy on the steps of his club, as he spent on rolls, every morning from March to November; he had such slavish dependence on a bunch of violets, or a cluster of roses, a sprig of mignonnette or heliotrope, to refresh his seedy young person, that he could not venture abroad to play his part for the day without a flower in his button. In mid-winter he trusted a hard frost broke scent to human as to canine noses. Mr. Bishop was the youngest unmarried master at No. 2 Lavender Lane. He stood five feet eight in his boots; he had a tolerable nose, and almond-shaped gray eyes; he was weak in whisker, but was not in consequence so far left to himself as to set up a straggling beard; he was strong in forehead, even when it was pink, and there was a charm in the reverential distance he kept from the girls—the kind of chivalry with which he invested them, though, being girls, they were not capable of appreciating the treatment—they were more susceptible to the vagrant aroma of tobacco, which supplied the young man to them with the zest that the thorn gives the rose. Bishop was a great favorite with the girls; many of them doted on him, styled him in confidence "Dear Bishop," "sweet Bishop," "that duck Bishop"—surreptitiously hoarded the pencils he dropped, the bits of paper he had occasion to write upon, particularly the ends of the cigars he lost, dreamed of him, plaited their hair at him, made dreadful allusions to him in their verses, which would have thrown Bishop into fits and caused him to bolt in shame and dismay, had he understood them, as he corrected the halting lines. On the other hand, they all bullied him, tormented him, and barefacedly cheated him.

This day Bishop was merely in class to give them their places and return them their papers; but even to-day Miss Bewcastle popped in with her bonnet on her head, giggling and causing the rest to giggle at the liberty.

"Please, madam, do me the favor to remove that bonnet, I can not see the face. I shall make a mistake," implored Mr. Bishop. Being the man he was, it is needless to say Bishop was near-sighted.

"Oh, please, Mr. Bishop," responded Miss Bewcastle, joyously lifting up her head, and glancing out from beneath her turned-back curls, "it won't come off. I tried it on to see how it would do to travel with; it has just come in from the milliner, and the string has run into a knot, and it won't come off—you can try it yourself if you like—unless I cut it, the new string, Mr. Bishop. I'm convinced I'll have to sit with it at dinner and tea, before Miss Hibberd and Miss Charlotte, and sleep with it, which is of less consequence, as I leave at seven in the morning."

"Mr. Bishop, why have you put me fifth?" broke out a great girl, in a frenzy. "I would not mind it if I were not below that minx, Rhoda Turner. What do you say? Sit here only one day and the Miss Hibberds and the rest see me? No, I won't, Sir, I tell you plainly. I would not mind it if I were not below that cunning, spiteful dwarf, Rhoda Turner, and I the head and shoulders taller; and Mr. Vallance says I am the best artist in the school now. I thought you had a favor for me, Mr. Bishop"—and the furious, overgrown child's breast began to heave, and the heart within to melt behind the muslin Garibaldi—"ever since"—sob—"I gave you"—sob, sob—"a lozenge for your cough—"

"Miss Yates, you were very kind, but I am a man of honor," protested Mr. Bishop. "You are all women of honor, young gentlewomen, for whom I have the most thorough respect and regard. You have all done well; at least I have made no complaint. If any one of you is the best artist in the school, I protest I am proud to hear it; but that excellence does not qualify you to sit highest in the English and rudimentary Latin class. Indeed, I think I would be content with one distinction if I were you, Miss Yates."

"But, Mr. Bishop"—and big rebellious Miss Yates drew a gusty sigh—"Rhoda Turner has a distinction too."

"And it is my due when you are allowed to gain one; and you do not know adverbs from adjectives, and wrote in your essay that Roger Bacon was Lord Chancellor of England," little Rhoda defied her.

Mr. Bishop was no more fit to control girls than he was to put babies in their cradles or embroider pin-cushions. He could be firm with boys; the fact was, *they* called him a contradictory, obstinate pig; but, in his present development, he dealt with the girls in so gingerly a fashion, was so frightened for being hard or harsh to them, so much more affronted than they were at the idea of taking liberties with them, that it was necessary Tid should sit, finishing up school-work, with a womanly, homelike air, in the room with her class, positively to prevent the girls copying each other's exercises under Mr. Bishop's well-formed nose, or repeating their lessons to be said by heart off neatly-written slips of paper, neatly pinned inside their wide sleeves or under their fancy aprons. And evil came of that precaution in its turn.

Mr. Bishop passed on to his last interview for the season with Miss Hibberd. He had only to call himself back and correct himself for wrong names and numbers, for first cheating himself and then Miss Hibberd, and assure her, in penitent perturbation, that he had added up the whole correctly in his lodgings last night, and he could not tell, with all his mathematics, why the sums would come out wrong in her drawing-room next day.

Miss Charlotte entered, ducked to Mr. Bishop, and dropped down on a chair, with her whole drapery, crinoline and all, swathed round her in the most inexplicable manner.

Miss Hibberd shook out her dress, smoothed her gloved hands with a significant frown at Miss Charlotte, and said, stiffly, "I have a few words more to say to you, Mr. Bishop. I am exceedingly sorry, I am shocked at the cause of it."

"It is the smoking at last," thought the young man. "I had out my match on Wednesday before I was beyond the shrubbery. I was thinking of Tid, and I might have been in the drawing-room, or in a first-class carriage, it would have been all the same." But he answered hypocritically, the perspiration starting at every pore: "I am very sorry, madam, I am at a loss—" and there stopped for the crisis.

"Mr. Bishop, I believe you have become acquainted, under our roof, with our governess, Miss Farren?"

"Madam, I have the honor," gasped Mr. Bishop, his former flush, in the unexpected shock, paling to a girl's—to Tid's paleness.

"The honor!" Miss Hibberd could not help repeating in a high key. "The honor which could be shown in writing notes—such notes in a ladies'-school."

"Madam, madam!"—stammered Mr. Bishop, more faintly, clasping his shabby hat to his heart.

"We had reason to expect more consideration. Having conducted ourselves with unblemished integrity all our lives, we were justified in imagining that a young lady and a gentleman would respect our roof, and the confidence we placed in them, and not indulge in the most reprehensible associations and appointments. We have been mistaken: temptations have been presented, deceit has been practiced. Our young people—the numerous household of young ladies of the highest character—who have been living under our care and profiting by the instructions given under the direction of Miss Charlotte and myself, have been exposed to the most unsettling, the most demoralizing influences."

Miss Hibberd delivered her harangue with great stateliness. Miss Charlotte listened, much impressed.

"Miss Hibberd, I beg your pardon," burst out Mr. Bishop. "I had no conception you would regard any little approach I made to Tid, to Miss Farren, in so dark a light. I know now I ought not to have written the notes, but I was so accustomed to writing—no, to correcting things, imaginary letters along with her—that I could not resist the inclination—though I should have controlled myself—to have one of her own composition all to myself."

"I am under the painful necessity of informing you that your services will not be required, under any circumstances, next session at Lavender Lane," said Miss Hibberd.

"Very well, Miss Hibberd," assented young Bishop, quietly.

The sudden manliness touched Miss Hibberd more than any apology or display of ignorance of the world, rashness, single-heartedness—Mr. Bishop looking so young all the time. "I have no fault to find with your teaching or conduct in other respects," conceded Miss Hibberd. "In spite of your imprudence, I will stretch a point and let you have a testimonial, if you wish it, Mr. Bishop."

"Thank you"—Mr. Bishop still expressed himself with unusual self-control and with a little bitterness. "I am a young strong fellow; I have had a good education, thanks to a poor father. I believe there is nothing against my character; but I can not afford to dispense with the favor."

Miss Hibberd drew her desk toward her while Miss Charlotte blew her nose. Miss Hibberd paused, and said again, in her rage for being just, "I feel for any member of my sex; I would shield her from blame, except where fairness must be compromised. I think it is but fair to tell you that I do not believe you would have been so foolish if Miss Farren had not been equally, nay still more foolish—for a woman's discretion should never be off its guard, and ought to inform and confirm a man's. Miss Farren has forfeited my good opinion for perfect judgment and propriety. I am very much disappointed in Miss Farren; she can not continue at Lavender Lane, and be Miss Blount's successor, as I intended."

"Miss Hibberd!"—Miss Hibberd started, Miss Charlotte stumbled to her feet; the voice was so resolute, so eager, so full of a true man's longing hope and gladness—"If you say that, it may be worth my while to offer to Miss Farren what I have not had the face to offer before. It may be worth a destitute young girl like Tid's while to accept me. I am young, strong, with the most available weapon, that of a good education. Bless you! I'm learned beside Tid, clever and bright as she is: I'm a thousand times better qualified to keep the wolf from the door than a tender young girl. I have my last quarter's salary, and I don't owe more than a trifle. I'll restrict myself to a cheroot a day, or I'll give them up altogether. If I don't get more teaching I can turn book-keeper, copying-clerk, reporter. I'm young and strong, and, thank God, He has kept me honest. What should hinder me from marrying Tid, and working for her and with her? She'll help, if I am forced to let her. She is not useless, nervous, proud: she's an earnest, energetic, simple darling. I know she's simple, but I prefer the woman with heart and brain, courage and resource, to the helpless, haughty, suspicious woman, though the first has the guilelessness to be cheated. We'll both be cheated!" raved Mr. Bishop, like an inspired young madman, "and look grave for a moment, and then laugh and grow wiser. I durst not have taken Tid from the security and prosperity of a father's house; but she has told me she is a penniless orphan, and you have told me you can have nothing more to do with her. What is to hinder me from marrying Tid Farren, and finding room for her, and strength with her, and bliss in her, in a home of our own?"

"My dear Mr. Bishop," Miss Hibberd was remonstrating, literally, her handsome old face looking young again; Miss Charlotte was patting the modest, fervent young man on the back, as if he were her son; and Tid, in the back-ground, was prepared to find the poorest marriage with *him* infinitely before going off in a carriage-and-four with a millionaire.......

Tid was married in a country church, not very far off, in Kent, where the Misses Hibberd were spending their holidays. You may be sure her wedding-gown was a very plain one, and as it threatened rain, she was thankful to have her old red shawl tucked round her as she ran from the porch to the cab. The Misses Hibberd were there without ostentation, but in orthodox silks and white bonnets—that on Miss Charlotte's broad head falling obstinately back to the nape of her neck, and exposing her wild natural fronts. Miss Blount walked up the aisle in exact time for the ceremony, in her ordinary lavender woolen gown and mantle—came in the third class, and never was better situated in her life; a trifle of dust, but nothing to choke her, and the company of an intelligent market-woman and two day-laborers, who listened attentively to her reasons for opening all the windows, and were much struck when she described a canary bird, hung within the closed curtains of a four-post bed, found dead in the morning. Miss Blount carried in her hand a present for Tid—not a card-case, or a fish knife and fork, or a toilette bottle; but a thermometer for testing the heat of her sitting-room, and directions for ascertaining the mineral qualities of the water she drank there—warranting Tid that if she were careful to breathe fresh air and drink pure water, she need not mind much besides: she would thrive, and she might make Bishop thrive.

"But no narcotics—mind, Tid, not a narcotic any more than alcohol, on pain of a gradual stupefaction of the brain. Break your husband's pipe, Tid; fling away his cherished weed; never mind though he be as restless as a whirlwind and as cross as two straws. No narcotics, else you will have him dull, and gray, and sodden, and imbecile in no time."

Tid was the wife of Mr. Bishop, and by the express favor of the Miss Hibberds, came and went with the train, and acted as day governess at No. 2 Lavender Lane. It was a dangerous precedent which the Miss Hibberds established, and they had a great many consultations before granting it; but grant it they did. Every body knew her and was kind to her, and she lunched with the Miss Hibberds at least twice a week—in confidence, she believed, every time the dear old things had any thing particularly nice to themselves. The evenings were sufficient, as yet, for Tid's shopping, her adventures in housekeeping, her enterprises on Bishop's shirts and handkerchiefs, gloves and stockings, new wristbanding and collaring, and darning, and clearstarching, and ironing. Bishop was at home then to run in and chatter to, to help through with his pupils' themes, to ask reading from, if he wanted to be asked, and stroll out with and "have a smoke with," as Bishop called it, putting a force on language, and build castles in the air with, and have glimpses of harvest-homes, and searches for bats and beetles on earth and constellations in the sky. In the process Tid was always taking care of Bishop, bringing him in to supper, getting him up to breakfast, inciting him to courage and constancy in his profession. Tid soon lost her childishness—not her childlikeness, that was indestructible—and learned to distinguish between sloe-leaves and the Chinese herb, and silk ribbons or ribbons three-fourth cotton. Bishop, on his part, grew more composed and more indifferent to the smoking, as a representative man, representing Tid as well as himself, and as used to Tid's indulgence. By the time Bishop wreathed curls of smoke over a cradle, shouldered a baby, and was impelled to take the command of a nursery-maid and a perambulator, he would be as steady as a rock under so much ballast, and the next thing to defiant under so much immunity, until he rallied girls like a brother, and rebuked them like a father.

It was a fine autumn to those who did not consider there might be too much of a good thing. Miss Blount was constantly preaching that, unless they had thunder and rain soon, there would be influenza in the spring. But no one minded Miss Blount. Soon there rose a sough of people laid down with sore throat, under which the strength sank almost without pain in a night, or held out days and weeks with the strange leather-like fungus, unbroken by all the doctors' efforts, until the death-rattle sounded and the patient was gone where there was no need of healing.

In one day both Miss Hibberd and Miss Charlotte were seized with the epidemic. Miss Hibberd acknowledged falling ill, and predicted the ailment. Miss Charlotte wandered about trying to obey orders and looking for more, with feverish, distended eyes, till Miss Hibberd stopped in the middle of a speech, stared at her sister, said, directly, "Miss Charlotte has got the sore throat also: look at it, Doctor." And Miss Charlotte's throat was found the more fungus-grown of the two. Then the sisters faltered for a moment, till it occurred to Miss Hibberd it might be better there should be no survivor; the two had so long done their work in company, there was some comfort in dying together. The school was the first thing to be thought of in their growing helplessness—the children, and other people's children, committed to them: of course they must be sent home immediately.

Miss Hibberd could not be too thankful that Tid was there, and Mr. Bishop coming presently, they would not mind seeing the girls to the railway station; and Miss Blount called too, and came in for a second, though it was an infected house.

"My dear Miss Hibberd, I have no fear of infection, I never had, you know. I believe it is a delusion; at least, it is nothing but bad air, and that is pretty general over the country. Read Florence Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing," if you don't credit me. Let me take the girls. Where is the use of sending them home, spreading infection, if there is infection? Catching their deaths of sudden panic, fatigue, and cold, a great deal more likely. I have been so particular about space and air at Park Terrace that I can accommodate double my number upon a pinch with open windows—open windows, Miss Hibberd."

"Miss Blount, you are a lady, you are a good woman, and a friend in need," said Miss Hibberd, huskily, through her poor throat. "But who is to teach all the girls?"

"I will teach them if Miss Blount will permit me," said Mr. Bishop, stepping forward. "I will get up in the morning and take them before and after my filled-up hours: I can manage girls without help since I have been obliged to manage Tid."

Tid did not smile as he had expected, standing close to him, and stealing a cold shaking hand into his; her round dimpled face was very pale, her dewy lips dry.

"Good Heavens, Tid, you are not ill!" he cried, putting out his hand to pull her to the door, and betraying panic instantaneously.

"Not at all," said Tid, rousing herself; "and I will stay with the Miss Hibberds."

"Out of the question, child," Miss Hibberd was fit to proclaim; "you must go with your husband, and besides there can be no communication between my house and Miss Blount's."

"For myself, I should not mind as to communication," protested Miss Blount; "but I am afraid if we are to have any peace we must yield a little to the popular prejudice."

"I can not allow it, Tid," said Bishop in a loud voice, dying away as he ended and caught Tid's eye.

"Yes, you will allow me, Bishop," she said, resolutely. "Come and speak to me," and she took him aside.

"Are you tired of life, Tid—are you tired of me?" he cried, distractedly. "You are not in a fit state to undertake the sacrifice, and it is not required."

"No, it is voluntary," she said. "Would it keep me safe from death to refuse to enter the dark valley when my friends pass through? I tell you I must go with them, Bishop, and if I have a double life I will have double care. Oh! Bishop, were they idle words spoken eighteen centuries ago, about loving father or mother, husband or wife, or child, more than Him, and not being worthy of Him?"

"We have been so happy, Tid," groaned Bishop. Oh! the mortal misery, the tender human misery of that groan.

"Now, Bishop, hear me. I am not going to wander, I am not light in the head, but I have been thinking of one of the girls' Scotch songs which the papas like better than the operas; this is it—

'She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days,
I dare na leave my mammy.'

The Miss Hibberds gave me meat and claes when I could hardly earn them, they helped us, or we could not have come together, or having come together, you, poor fellow, would have been harassed to death with care. So, Bishop, I dare not leave the poor, good Miss Hibberds after all they have done for me."

"But how can I be separated from you, Tid? I can not bear it."

"Yes, dear Bishop, I'll tell you how I will help you. Come night and morning to the end of Lavender Lane, where you will see the house and Miss Hibberd's window. I will hang out my red shawl, the shawl you used to know me by at a distance, you remember? That will show you I am well. If you ever do not see the shawl, then you have my leave to come on and enter the house, and stay with me and take care of me, my dear, dear fellow! I know you would not mind giving up your classes, letting every thing take its chance, and running any risks yourself; neither Miss Blount, nor the Miss Hibberds would want to separate man and wife in the circumstances. But I will not be smitten; you heard what Miss Blount said about infection, and people like me are never smitten."

There was heroism in the poor girl's hysterical speech (she was as calm as a judge the moment her husband left her). There was heroism in Bishop's going with his heart clutched by terror and leaving Tid to do her duty in the jaws of death. There were few things more touching than Tid watching by her old friends' sick beds, giving them their medicines and cordials, carrying inquiries and messages from the one to the other, reading to them, writing for them, solacing them in every way. She restored the courage of the frightened servants: the fat cook and the grenadiers of housemaids and laundry-maids, who had not a tithe of the moral endurance of small-sized Tid. The domestics had been nearly beside themselves, and they one and all declared that, though they would not have deserted their mistresses and left them to "them hospital nurses," they would have begun each one to feel a lump in her throat as big as an egg and as black as a plum, if it had not been for "that 'ere dear, clever, pretty, young Mrs. Bishop," whom they had all known "Miss Farren as was," and who staid with them, and went so softly up and down stairs, and spoke so cheerily, and came out and took her meals as religiously, and sensibly, and thankfully as an old woman, bless her dear heart! and she a young wife in a delicate situation, separated from her husband as doted on the ground she walked on, and confined to the dismalest sick-rooms in the world. If there was a thing more than another that went to the heart like a clasp-knife, as the fat cook, who loved a figure of speech, expressed it, it was to see young Mrs. Bishop hanging out that old red shawl of hers as a sign to her husband.

That old red shawl of Tid's, which had been familiar to Bishop as a lover, how little she had dreamed it would serve as a flag of hope to Bishop when they were quite an old married couple! She had imagined she might wrap her baby in it in default of something less venerable, and had said to herself her baby would be none the worse for being carried about in a shawl that had belonged to its grandmother; but never that it should be a signal of life and health, and a fair day on the morrow, like the red in the summer sunset, to the baby's father. Tid would unfurl the shawl and stand for a few minutes at the half-open window, with the wind blowing her hair, straining her eyes, as if she could see Bishop yonder, beyond the trees, where the lights began to twinkle, and then she would clasp her hands, and whether she prayed for the Miss Hibberds, or herself, or Bishop, or her unborn baby—for women have strange fancies and gleams of second-sight—it was a sweet soul that prayed, and Heaven heard.

Poor Bishop's heart would be thumping like a steam-engine, so that he could not smoke a single puff after the day's hard routine, when he reached the end of Lavender Lane, and came in sight of the banner, blood-red, like that of the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem. He would take off his hat when he caught the first glimpse of it; he might be praying too—the prayer of as honest and brave a heart as ever beat in a breast exposed to shot and steel. Poor Bishop did more than venture his own heart—he ventured his heart's darling, and his heart's peace for the future. "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee." Once he was there full three minutes before the red shawl shook out, and he got so sick, blind, and dizzy that he had to lean against an area railing. When he came to himself the shawl was blushing, like the warm blood of life and the roses of June against the old yellow brick house, and a policeman's hand was on his arm. "Young man," said the guardian of society, "this here behavior is more than I can put up with. I have seen you awatching of the same house every night I have come upon my beat this week. If you are only a moonshiny lovyer, it is no business of mine; but you must have done with the trick, because if you happens to have burglarious intentions I'm blowed if I'm not answerable for allowing all this spying, without reporting you to my inspector and having you up at the office."

The red shawl was now fluttering freely, and Bishop, who was wont to tremble before school-girls, smiled broadly in the stern face of his captor. "Policeman," he said, "I am looking out for a token from my wife, and there it is. She is yonder, and I can not get near her, for she is nursing two sick ladies ill with diphtheria—a disease as infectious as the typhus—and we dare not come together to compromise other lives besides our own."

The policeman's grasp relaxed, and his countenance changed from a man of stone to that of a man of flesh and blood, a family-man himself, with a pet little daughter. "I beg your pardon, Sir; that is a different matter. If you are coming down upon me with a story," he said the next moment, to make up for his weakness, "I'll come down again upon you swift and sure, before we drop our acquaintance. But I believe you are speaking the truth," relenting a second time, "and I wish your wife and her friends well through their sickness. Good-evening, Sir."

The epidemic had exhausted itself. The Miss Hibberds lived. Tid was a true prophet, and never took the diphtheria, and probably, by her kind constancy, saved her neighbors from the infliction. It is needless to say how blissful was the reunion between husband and wife; how cordial were Miss Blount, the Miss Hibberds, Bishop, and Tid, when they all met again; how Bishop and Tid were promoted to the most honorable posts; and how Bishop's name and fame as a capital fellow and an excellent teacher rose, till Tid taught no more unless when she taught her little children, but staid at home, and was fully occupied in taking care of her bright suburban house and garden, and her friends, young and old, rich and poor; and lastly, how Bishop and Tid would never look at that old red rag of a shawl without the water coming into their eyes to their dying day.

THE OMENS.

OH, when I went a-wooing
To win my darling May,
'Twas in a sunny island,
An island far away,
Where skies are blue forever,
Where earth is always gay!

And as I went a-wooing,
I met with omens three:
An eagle skyward soaring,
A cushat on a tree,
That sat and coo'd a love-song,
A love-song unto me.

The third, an emerald serpent,
That wrought no ill to man,
Slid through the blossom'd jungle
To where a brooklet ran,
A little brook that merrily
A song of joy began!

And all these happy creatures
Had voices unto me:
The eagle soaring skyward,
The cushat on the tree,
The snake and laughing brooklet,
Gave counsel fair and free.

Be wise as I, the snake said,
To choose your darling May;
The eagle: Bold and ready
Be to bear the prize away;
Nor lose the golden moments
In profitless delay!

And when your May is chosen,
Thus did the cushat coo,
Like me, be constant ever,
Be tender and be true;
For well I know your darling
Will still be true to you!

The brooklet prattled blithely,
As on it ran apace—
When home you bring your darling
That chosen spot to grace,
Let mirth and joy and leisure
Have their abiding place!

And thus I went a-wooing,
And thus it did betide,
The tender-hearted maiden
Became my winsome bride;
And dear is she, far dearer
Than all the world beside!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHAT HE DID THE FIRST YEAR.—In one of the courts in Connecticut, recently, a woman was testifying on behalf of her son, and swore that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born. The lawyer who cross-examined her said, "You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?" "I do." "What did he do the first year?" "He milked," she replied. The whole court laughed heartily, and the witness was questioned no further.

FASHIONABLE GOSSIP.—Crinoline is going out; so ladies' dresses will come in, in proportion.

QUIN'S JESTS.—Some of Quin's jests were perfect. When Warburton said, "By what law can the execution of Charles I. be justified?" Quin replied, "By all the laws he had left them." No wonder Walpole applauded him. The bishop bade the player remember that the regicides came to violent ends, but Quin gave him a worse blow. "That, your lordship," he said, "if I am not mistaken, was also the case with the twelve apostles." Quin could overthrow even Foote. They had at one time had a quarrel and were reconciled, but Foote was still a little sore. "Jemmy," said he, "you should not have said that I had but one shirt, and that I lay in bed while it was washed." "Sammy," replied the actor, "I never could have said so, for I never knew that you had a shirt to wash."

JUSTIFIABLE SUPERLATIVE.—"*Tree mend us!*" exclaimed the amputated young hero, calling for his wooden leg after the first glorious battle.

AN EXTRACT FROM "PASSAGES OF A WORKING LIFE."—An old tooth.

USEFUL AT LAST.—We have often wondered what earthly purpose could be answered by bagpipes, for they are certainly not musical instruments. We have discovered their use in the description of a fire which broke out at the Assembly Rooms at Edinburgh during the Caledonian United Service Ball. In the account we read it stated that "the fire originated in some decorative scenery, a portion of which caught light from an adjoining gas jet," and it adds, "the pipers were ordered to play upon the spot, the fire was extinguished, and the alarm dissipated." We think the conflagration showed its good sense by going out directly the pipes began to play. We should have done exactly the same.

THE SHIRT OF HAPPINESS.—A bachelor's.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.—Baby Bantings.

CLEARNESS.—An old lady, not remarkable for the clearness of her ideas, describing a fine summer evening, said: "It was a beautiful bright night; the moon made every thing as light as a feather."

AN IMPERIAL SELL.—*History of Julius Cæsar.*

THE MAN WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEND TO A SÉANCE.—The man who knows how to hit the happy Medium.

WHAT A FINE WOMAN IS LIKE.—A fine woman is like a locomotive, because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, and transports the males.

TARTAR TROUPS.—Household ladies.

A PURBLIND IRISHMAN.—An Irishman on board a ship was ordered by one of the officers to go below and fetch a jug of water just as the ship was about to sail. The man hesitated to go, because, as he said, the vessel being about to sail, he was afraid he should be *left behind.*

POPPING THE QUESTION.—"Champagne, Sir?"

A COMPLIMENT.—Quin, the actor, being asked by a lady why there were more women in the world than men, replied, "It is in conformity with the other arrangements of Nature; we always see more of heaven than earth."

Pity without relief is like mustard without beef.

HOW TO SWEAT A PATIENT.—A young gentleman was undergoing an examination at the College of Surgeons, when the questions put were of a very searching character. After answering a number of queries, he was asked what he would prescribe to throw a patient into a profuse perspiration. "Why," exclaimed the youthful Galen, "I would send him here to be examined; and if that did not give him a sweat I do not know what would."

"HOW TO TIE THE TOM-FOOL KNOT."—*Marry.—Old Bachelor Brute.*

WILLIAM AND ANNA.

She.

Now, mother, dear, don't talk, I pray,
My heart remains true still;
In spite of all you choose to say,
I'm bound to have my *Will.*

He.

No longer, Father, will I stand
This overbearing manner;
With her I'll leave my home and land,
For I'm bound to *Have Anna*,

At a large dinner-party in a certain city, lately, the frosty weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump, happy-looking married lady made a remark about cold feet. "Surely," said a lady opposite, "Mrs. ——, you are not troubled with cold feet?" Amidst an awful pause she naively answered, "Yes, indeed, I am very much troubled—but then they are not my own."

MUSICAL ACCENT.—At a trial in the Court of King's Bench between certain publishing Tweedledums and Tweedledees as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of "The Old English Gentleman," T. Cooke was subpœnaed as a witness. On cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, that learned counsel rather flippantly said:

"Now, Sir, you say the two melodies are the same, but different. What do you mean, Sir?"

Tom promptly answered: "I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent."

SIR JAMES. "What is a musical accent?"

COOKE. "My terms are a guinea a lesson, Sir." [A loud laugh.]

SIR JAMES (*rather ruffled*). "Don't mind your terms here. I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you see it?"

COOKE. "No."

SIR JAMES. "Can you feel it?"

COOKE. "A musician can." [Great laughter.]

SIR JAMES (*very angrily*). "Now pray, Sir, don't beat about the bush, but tell his lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about it, the meaning of what you call accent."

COOKE. "Accent in music is a stress laid on a particular note—as you would lay a stress on any given word—for the purpose of being better understood. If I were to say you are an *ass*, it would rest on *ass;* but were I to say *you* are an ass, it rests on *you*, Sir James."

Reiterated shouts of laughter by the whole court, in which the bench joined, followed this repartee. Silence being obtained, Lord Denman, the judge, with much seeming gravity, accosted the chop-fallen counsel:

"Are you satisfied, Sir James?"

Sir James, deep red as he naturally was, had become Scarlett in more than name, and in a great huff, said, "The witness may go down."

A CROOKED TRAVELER.—A deformed gentleman, on his arrival at a provincial town, was asked what place he had come from. "*Straight* from Boston," was the reply. "Then," said the inquirer, "you must have got terribly twisted on the road."

A DINER OUT.—It was remarked of a slanderer, who was also a constant guest at the table of every one who invited him, that he never *opened his mouth* but at the expense of his friends.

Why can a person who has run away from his creditors be said to be a man of integrity?—Because he is *a non est* man.

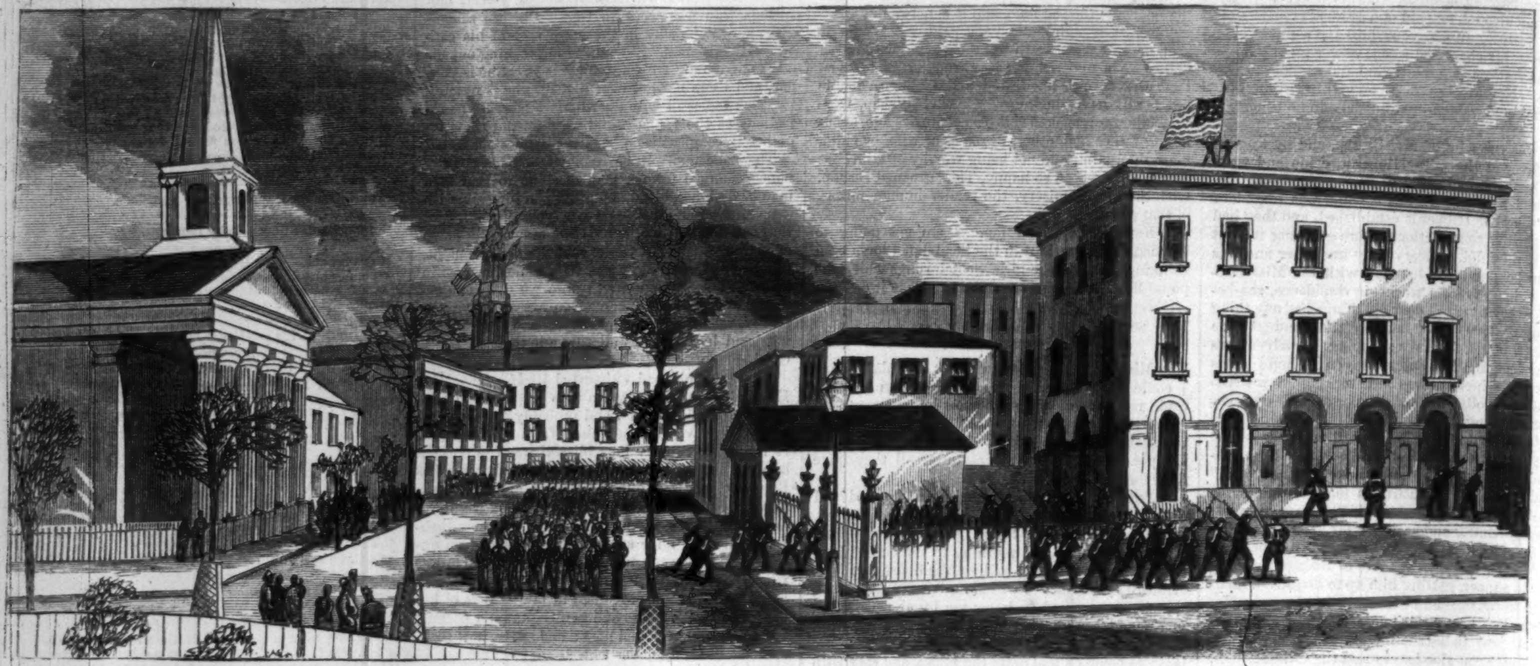
ENIGMA UPON THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

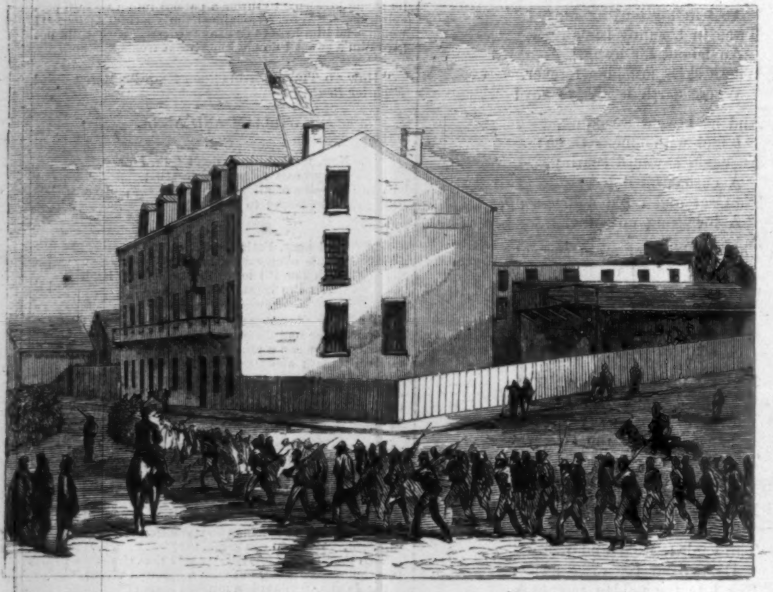
Dean Swift was once invited by a rich miser with a large party to dine; being requested by the host to return thanks at the removal of the cloth the Dean uttered the following grace:

Thanks for this miracle!—this is no less,
Than to eat manna in the wilderness.
Where raging hunger reign'd we've found relief,
And seen that wondrous thing, a piece of beef.
Here chimneys smoke that never smoked before,
And we've all ate where we shall eat no more!

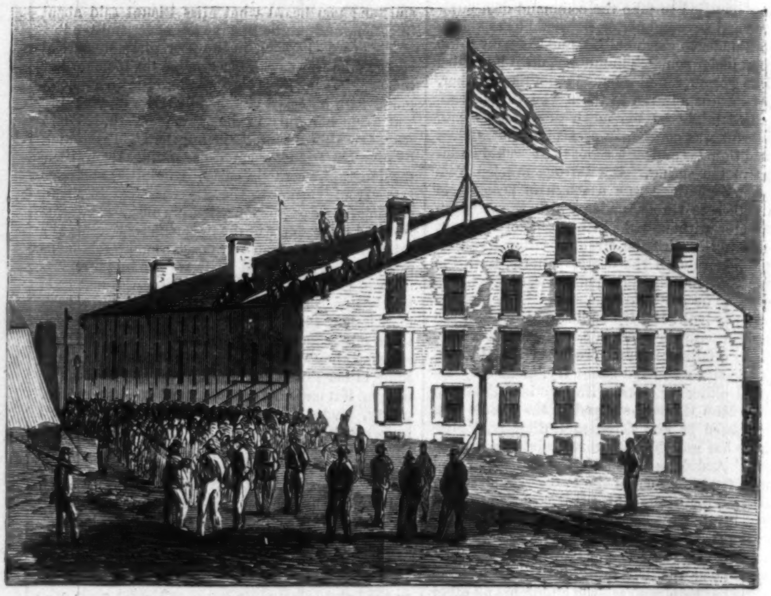
AN AFFECTIONATE SON.—An Irishman, swearing the peace against his three sons, thus concluded: "The only one of my children who shows me any real filial affection is my youngest son, Larry, for he never strikes me when I'm down."



CAPTURE OF PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA—THE SECOND MICHIGAN RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, April 3, 1865.
[Sketched by Andrew M'Callum.]

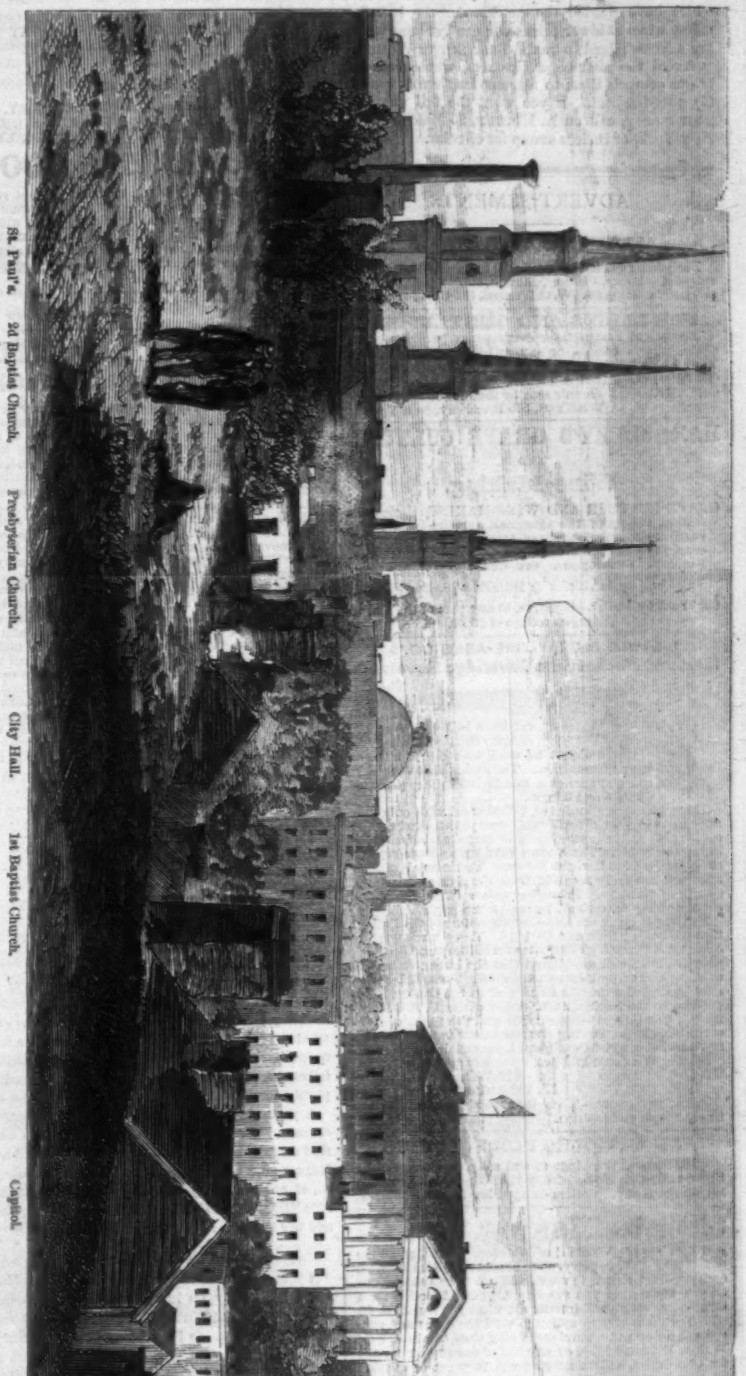


VIEW OF CASTLE THUNDER, IN RICHMOND.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]



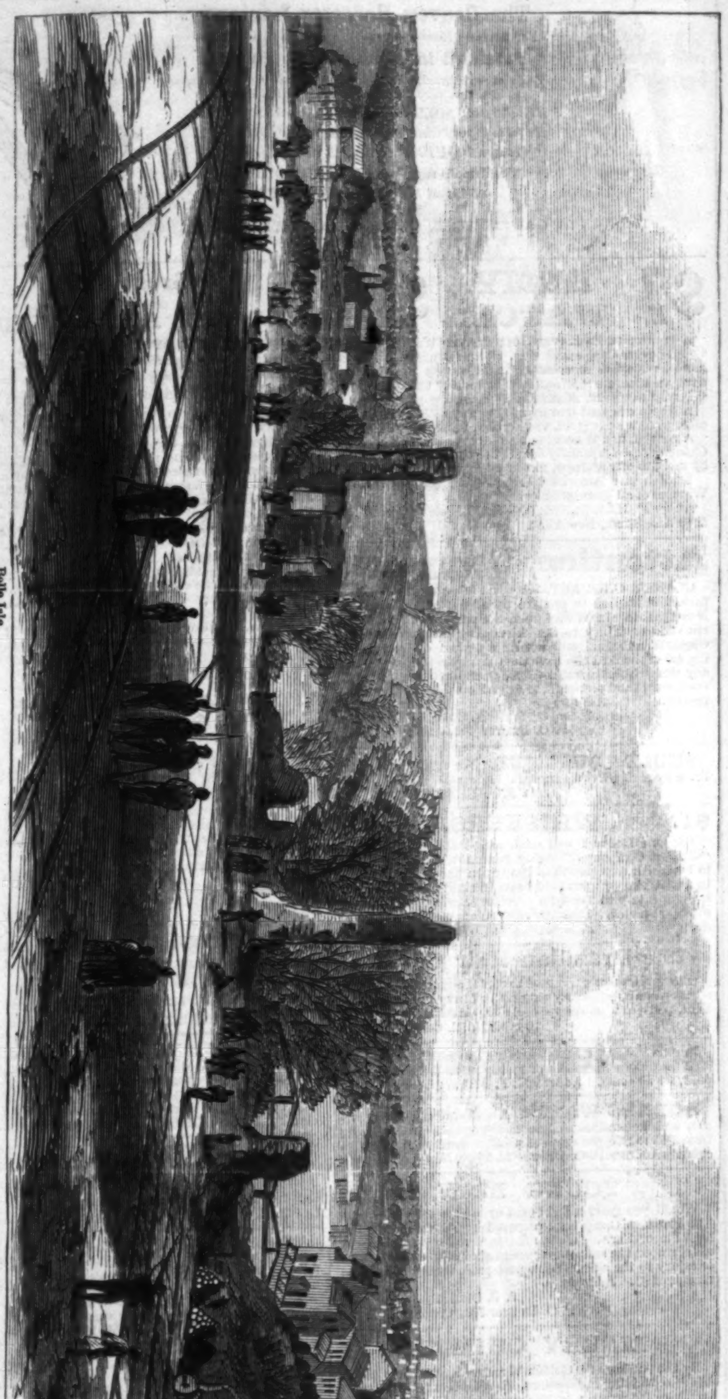
VIEW OF LIBEY PRISON, RICHMOND.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]

RUINS ON MAIN STREET, RICHMOND.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]



St. Paul's. 2d Baptist Church. Presbyterian Church. City Hall. 1st Baptist Church. Capitol. Governor's House. Custom-house.

THE CITY OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—VIEW FROM GAMBLE'S HILL.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]



Belle Isle. Holywood Cemetery.

THE CITY OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, LOOKING WESTWARD.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]

Do NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement.* If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FAIRY ALBUMS.

For holding 40 Pictures, $1 25; 80 Pictures, $1 50. Trade supplied. Books, Pictures, Albums, etc. Send stamp for mammoth catalogues. W. C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway, N.Y.

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

The Patent Fastener, for every person wearing boots, shoes, trusses, corsets, or any articles requiring lacing. They avoid tying, untying, or getting into hard knots. ONLY GIVE THEM A TRIAL. NEAT, USEFUL, and ORNAMENTAL. A pair sent by mail for 35 cents.
W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

HARASZTHY'S GRAPE CULTURE AND Wine-Making.

GRAPE CULTURE AND WINE-MAKING: Being the Official Report of the Commissioner appointed to Investigate the Agriculture of Europe, with especial Reference to the Products of California. By A. HARASZTHY. Numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Sent by Mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $5 00.

MERWIN & BRAY FIRE-ARMS CO.'S
Belt and Pocket Size Cartridge Revolvers.

The *Belt* size weighs 22 oz., and carries a ball 42-100 calibre (larger than Colt's Navy), and can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition. The *Pocket* size weighs 11 oz., and carries a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Colt's 4 and 6 inch).

These Pistols are loaded and discharged with only four motions—a degree of perfection never yet attained by any other arm. *A full round may be loaded and discharged in thirty seconds.* These arms have been adopted *exclusively* by the U. S. Revenue Service. Testimonials of their efficiency are daily received from the Army and Navy, also from civilians. Printed circulars (with illustrated cuts), naming prices, sent by mail when required.

MERWIN & BRAY are also sole proprietors of the Ballard Breach-Loading Rifle and Carbine. These arms need no comment. Their high character for Military and Sporting purposes is so well established that the Public only wish to know where they may be *purchased.* These Rifles were used by Captains Crawford and Fisk on the Overland Expedition to the Pacific, under orders of the U. S. Government. The General Government and the State of Kentucky have about Twenty Thousand (20,000) now in active field service, of which the highest testimonials are received.

Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers generally.
Address orders to MERWIN & BRAY,
No. 262 Broadway, New York.

P.S.—IMPORTANT.—These Rifles can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Great Closing Sale!!

$650,000 WORTH of Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1. Then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar, and in *no* case can they get *less* than a Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Six Certificates will be sent for $1, Thirteen for $2, Thirty-five for $5, One Hundred for $12. Great inducements offered those who act as Agents. Catalogues containing full lists and particulars mailed free. Address
JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,
285 River Street, Troy, N. Y.
P.O., Drawer 12.

Whiskers! Mustaches!!—The celebrated HIMALAYA COMPOUND is warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in two weeks. An English patent article, which does no injury to the skin. Sent, post paid, for $1. Address Dr. H. DE FORREST, Albany, New York.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are Headquarters for the following, viz:

STEREOSCOPES & STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,
Of these we have an immense assortment, including War Scenes, American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, etc., etc. Also, Revolving Stereoscopes, for public or private exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.
We were the first to introduce these into the United States, and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others. They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

☞ FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER. ☜

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.
Our Catalogue now embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects to which additions are continually being made) of Portraits of Eminent Americans, etc., viz: about
100 Major-Generals, 100 Lieut.-Colonels, 550 Statesmen,
200 Brig.-Generals, 250 Other Officers, 130 Divines,
275 Colonels, 75 Navy Officers, 125 Authors,
40 Artists, 125 Stage, 50 Prominent Women,
3,000 Copies of Works of Art,
including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, etc. Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp. An order for One Dozen PICTURES from our Catalogue will be filled on the receipt of $1.80, and sent by mail, FREE.

Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D. will please remit twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their order.

☞ The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.

Soldiers' Pocket Albums for 18 Pictures, 75 cents.

MESSRS. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York, Publishers, have all works on
PHRENOLOGY, HYDROPATHY,
PHYSIOLOGY, PHONOGRAPHY,
PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY,
ANATOMY, MEDICINE.
And on the Natural Sciences generally. AGENTS WANTED. Send a stamped envelope for catalogues and terms.

LADIES' LETTER.

Five Anatomical Engravings.
Has Information never before published.
By an Experienced Nurse and Female Physician.
Sent free in a Sealed Envelope for Ten Cents.
Address MRS. DR. KEWLER, Brooklyn P. O., N. Y.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELRY AT LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENT'S PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.,

Worth $500,000,

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR *each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get.* Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars; also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the Country.
J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

ARCANA WATCH.
An Elegant Novelty in Watches.

The cases of this watch are an entirely new invention, composed of six different metals combined, rolled together and planished, producing an exact imitation of 18-carat gold, called Arcana, which will always keep its color. They are as beautiful and durable as solid gold, and are afforded at one-eighth the cost. The case is beautifully designed, with panel and shield for name, with patent push-pin, and engraved in the exact style of the celebrated Gold Hunting Levers, and are really handsome and desirable, and so exact an imitation of gold as to defy detection. The movement is manufactured by the well-known St. Jimer Watch Company of Europe, and are superbly finished, having engraved pallets, fancy carved bridges, adjusting regulator, with gold balance, and the improved ruby jeweled action, with line dial, and skeleton hands, and is warranted a good time-keeper. These watches are of three different sizes, the smallest being for ladies, and are all hunting cases. A case of six will be sent by mail or express for $125. A single one sent in an elegant morocco case for $25. Will readily sell for three times their cost. We are the sole agents for this watch in the United States, and none are genuine which do not bear our trade-mark.
Address DEVAUGH & CO., Importers,
15 Maiden Lane, New York.

ENVELOPES AND NOTE PAPER,

At wholesale prices, sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price.

1000 Buff letter envelopes, extra thick........	$4 00
500 white note envelopes, double thick........	3 00
One ream super thick note paper..............	3 00
One box (250) new style Magenta envelope....	2 00
One ream very thick first-class note...........	4 50
1000 Canary color letter envelopes............	4 00

Samples sent if requested.
G. S. HASKINS & CO., Stationers and Envelope Manufacturers, 36 Beekman Street, New York.

Brandreth's Pills.

A lady of fifty-six was out of health generally; no food agreed with her; always violent pains in the stomach after eating. All the remedies she took did her no good until at last she took BRANDRETH'S PILLS for a few days together, then rested for a few days. This method she followed for three months, which restored her health completely.

A young lady was obliged to leave school because of a constant severe pain in the region of the heart when she read aloud or spoke, or went up stairs or walked quickly. Her case was nearly a fatal one, by the remedies employed, of which bleeding was one. But at length she used BRANDRETH'S PILLS, which in one year cured her, and now her health is fully restored.

TUMOR OF THE NECK CURED.

A young gentleman had a tumor on one side of his neck which had been years in coming. It was pronounced a cancer. DR. BRANDRETH expressed the opinion that perseverance with his PILLS would cure it. They were used according to the printed instructions which accompany each box, and soon the tumor began to give way. In a little over one year they cured it perfectly, and the gentleman can not now be surpassed for health and vigor.

Is it any wonder BRANDRETH'S PILLS are so well patronized?

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING, NEW YORK.

For sale by all respectable dealers in medicines.

FREE TO ALL.

Citizens, Soldiers, Everybody, should send their address, and receive a large Illustrated Paper replete with the choicest literature of the day. Sent GRATIS.
CHARLES E. MACKEY, 81 Nassau St., N. Y.

UPHAM'S PIMPLE BANISHER

Removes Pimples on the Face, Freckles, &c. It also softens the skin and beautifies the complexion. No toilet is complete without it. Price 50 cents. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN

Colors the Hair, Whiskers, and Mustache a beautiful *black* or *brown.* It consists of only *one preparation.* Color will not fade or wash out. Only 50 cents a box. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

GREAT INVENTORS.—Fulton, Stephenson, Davy, Gottenburg, Archimedes, Daguerre, Morse, Whitney, Arkwright, Watt, with portraits and descriptions. Also, Maj.-Gen. Terry, Miss Butt, Baron Cuvier, Sir John Herschel, Newton, Buffon, Howard, Buxton, Combe, Eustache, Gottfried, Burnett in his Comic Physiognomy (with 18 illustrations), P. Benson, Sr. EYE GLANCES ON BROADWAY, illustrated; Color of Eyes, Blue, Brown, Black, Hazel; Size of the Eye; Place of the Iris; curves of the Eyelids; Eyelashes. CHOICE OF OCCUPATION, or Pursuits in Life; What can the Boys do best? Hippocrates and the Temperaments; Crazy Phrenologists. RELIGIOUS—The "Still Small Voice;" Skepticism; Veneration; The Law of Progress; Color Blindness; Noses. REPORTERS AND REPORTING, with portraits of MEMORY WOODFALL and JAMES PERRY. PSYCHOLOGY—A Lunatic's Experience; Chaos in the Brain; Longing to go up; Ride among the Stars; Visiting Jupiter; Coming to Himself; Body Life and Soul Life. ETHNOLOGY—Nature in History; Climate and Vegetation; Climate and Color; North and South; Mixing the Races; How the Races die out. OUR SOCIAL RELATIONS—Matrimony; Let Girls be Girls; A Lesson for Wives; Marrying for Show. With 57 engraved Illustrations. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for APRIL. A Double Number. Only 20 cents, by first post, or $2 a year. Newsmen have it. Address Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

☞ PRICE REDUCED TO SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. ☜

The Convex Reflector Lantern.

For burning Kerosene or Coal Oil without Chimney.

Patented in America and Europe.

Without exception, the Cheapest, Most Convenient, Safest, and very best HAND LANTERN in use.

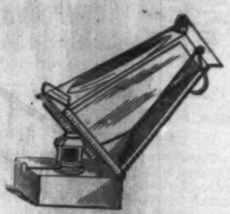
Price 75 cts. SOLD BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

It gives a pure white light—WITHOUT CHIMNEY.

It stands QUICK MOTIONS in any direction.

The flame is regulated FROM THE OUTSIDE.

Address ARCHER & PANCOAST,
Manufacturers of
GAS FIXTURES, LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, &c., &c.,
9, 11, 13, 15, and 17 Mercer St., New York.



$7 ARMY WATCH. $10

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever, Cap, small size, white enameled dial, cut hands, "*English Movements,*" and correct time-keeper, with an accurate "*Miniature Calendar,*" indicating the "*Day of the Week, Month, &c.,*" in back case.

A single one sent free by mail to any address in a neat case, WITH A BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN, for only $10.

A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with "*Miniature Calendar,*" &c., specially adapted to the ARMY. Sent free by mail, to any address, for only $7.

English and American Levers from $25 up. Good Watches of all descriptions low.

Address CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., Sole Importers, 38 & 40 Ann Street, New York.

Attention, Company!

CLARK'S ONGUENT.—A powerful stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers or Mustaches in Six Weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using this Onguent, and finding it not as represented (by informing me of the fact, can have their money returned them at any time within 3 months from day of purchase. Price $1. Sent, sealed and post-paid, to any address, on receipt of the money. Address
A. C. CLARK,
P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y.

SHULTS' CURLIQUE. For curling the Hair. Price by mail $1. Warranted. Address
C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

$1. WHISKERS. $1.

For One Dollar I will send, sealed and post-paid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburg, N. Y.

The Brazilian Hair Curler.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00. Address
S. S. CHASE, Cohoes, N. Y.

Shults' Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post-paid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED. Business light, pleasant, and honorable. Those now engaged are realizing from $15 to $20 per day net profit. Send stamp for Circular. Address P. O. Drawer 12, Troy, New York.

YOUNG MAN,

Would you sport a fine beard or mustache? If so, use The Prussian Compound, prepared by the celebrated Dr. De Ville of Paris. Warranted to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in six weeks without stain or injury to the skin. Sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of $1. Address
S. S. CHASE,
P. O. Drawer 359, Cohoes, N. Y.

MERRY CHIMES.

By the Author of "Golden Wreath" and "Harp of Judah;" containing instructions, exercises, and several hundred popular Songs, new and sparkling, adapted to all occasions, and alive with the spirit of the times, including many compositions never before published. Specimen pages sent free. Price of "Merry Chimes," 50 cents, on receipt of which it will be sent, post-paid. Just published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Officers, Soldiers, and Citizens!
GENUINE GOLD RINGS.

All the Army Corps Rings in 16-carat gold (stamped and warranted) at $3 and $5 each. Also 100 other styles of every size, plain, enameled, and fancy, at from $2 to $10 each. Sent by mail. Send stamp for Circular.
Address E. P. BEACH, 12 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Howard's "Improved" SWEAT-PROOF Soldier's Money-Belt.

Every Soldier can have one sent to him by return mail, free of postage, by enclosing $2 50 or $3 00, according to the quality desired. Improved English knee Money Belt, for soldiers and sailors, $1 50 and $2. Large discount to dealers. HOWARD BELT CO., 436 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. GLOVER'S LEVER TRUSS retains and cures more ruptures than any other. It gives perfect ease and comfort. Elastic stockings, belts, bandages, crutches, &c. No. 4 ANN STREET. Established 30 years.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, Hospitals, small Job Printers, &c. Address ADAMS PRESS CO., 26 Ann St., New York. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., Six Cents.

Golden Hair Curler, that will curl the most stubborn hair into wavy ringlets, and will last six months. Price One Dollar by mail. Address DR. FRANKLIN, Calhoun, Illinois.

MONROE & GARDINER,
Manufacturers of
Artificial Raw-hide Limbs.

For Lightness, Strength, and Durability they are unequaled. Office 638 Broadway, N. Y. Our Legs can be adjusted when the stump is very short; in fact, none at all.

Look! Look! Look! My Golden Compound will force the Beard to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Satisfaction given, or money refunded. Price 50 cents, or three for $1. Address Dr. FRANKLIN, Calhoun, Ill.

SOMETHING NEW FOR AGENTS.

Soldiers and Sutlers in the Army, send stamp for Catalogue. Address JAS. F. MANCHES, 656 Broadway, N.Y.

Great Sale OF WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
Worth over $1,000,000,

Consisting of Gold and Silver Watches, Chains, Bracelets, Sets of Jewelry, Rings, Lockets, Gold Pens, &c., &c.,

All to be sold for One Dollar each!!

WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE! NOT TO BE PAID FOR UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO RECEIVE!

Certificates of the various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch or any set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Five Certificates will be sent for $1, eleven for $2, 30 (with premium gold pen), for $5, 100 (with premium silver watch) for $15. We will send one Certificate on receipt of 25 cents; also our Circular and Terms to Agents, which we want everywhere, and offer liberal inducements. Address
A. H. ROWEN & CO., 36 Beekman St., N. Y.

PETROLEUM at $1, Versus ALCOHOL at $5.

Hotel, Restaurant, and Steamboat Proprietors can save 80 per cent. by using our Patent Kerosene Lamp for Chafing-Dishes and Tea and Coffee Urns. They can be adapted to all the styles of the above-named articles now in use. Call or address KEROSENE LAMP HEATER COMPANY, 206 Pearl Street, New York.

Printing-Presses for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.

Also one Adams Press, 26x40, $2000.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

AGENTS, COME and EXAMINE

An Invention urgently needed by every body, or samples sent free by mail for 50 cts., which retails for $6 easily, by R. L. WOLCOTT, No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

"How 'tis Done." Whiskers in 6 w'ks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling. Ventriloquism, &c. **100** great secrets. Free for 25c. Address Hunter & Co., Hinsdale, N.H.

Beautiful False Mustaches, 50c. and $1 a pair. Goatees, 50c. and $1. Sent free. Send stamp for circulars of 500 wonderful things. Address C. W. PHILO, Brooklyn, N.Y.

USE THE BEST.

BOWDEN'S Moth Destroying Packet will certainly destroy Moths. It will also preserve Cloths, Furs, Carpets, Robes, Blankets, and all Woolen Goods from Moths and all destructive Insects. For sale by all Druggists.

GRANT—SHERMAN.

Agents wanted every where to sell fine portraits of these men. Profits, $5 per day. Send for letter of agency. Samples by mail for $1. Jones & Clark, 83 Nassau St., N. Y.

Photographs of Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb and Baby. Price 25 cents.
Send orders to Box 3410, Post-Office, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have just Published:

VÁMBÉRY'S CENTRAL ASIA. Travels in Central Asia. Being the Account of a Journey from Teheran across the Turkoman Desert, on the Eastern Shore of the Caspian, to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand, performed in the Year 1863. By ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY, Member of the Hungarian Academy of Pesth, by whom he was sent on this Scientific Mission. With Map and Wood-cuts. 8vo, Cloth, $3 75.

LUTTRELL OF ARRAN. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Barrington," "Maurice Tiernay," "The Daltons," "Charles O'Malley," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $1 50; Paper, $1 00.

UNCLE SILAS. A Story of Bartram-Haugh. By J. S. LE FANU, Author of "Wylder's Hand," "The House by the Church-yard," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE. A Novel. By MISS MULOCK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

AN ELEGANT LIBRARY EDITION OF VANITY FAIR. Vanity Fair: a Novel without a Hero. By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. With Illustrations by the Author, and a Portrait on Steel, engraved by Halpin after Lawrence's Picture. A new and elegant Library Edition, in Three Volumes, Post 8vo, on Toned Paper. Cloth, $7 50; Half Morocco, $12 75.

HOOKER'S MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY. Science for the School and Family. Part III. Mineralogy and Geology. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D., Professor of Medicine in Yale College, Author of "The Child's Book of Nature," "Natural History," &c. Illustrated by nearly 200 Engravings. 12mo, Half Roan, $1 50.

*** Also, now ready, new editions of Dr. HOOKER'S "Natural Philosophy" and "Chemistry" ("Science for the School and Family," Parts I. and II.). Copiously Illustrated, 12mo, Half Roan, each, $1 50.

TONY BUTLER. A Novel. 8vo, Cloth, $1 50; Paper, $1 00.

☞ Sent by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States on receipt of the price.

Dr. Poland's WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY FOR

Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping-Cough.

Cures Gravel and all Kidney Diseases.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, CURED ENTIRELY by taking the *White Pine Compound*, have been reported by Druggists.

Among all the popular medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the *White Pine Compound.* This medicine was first made as lately as the spring of 1855, and then merely for one individual who was affected with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and *every one* using it received a great benefit. The article, however, went without a name till November following, when it was called *White Pine Compound.* During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1856 an individual, who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' endurance. This being truly *a discovery*, the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied in substance that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the *Compound* would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine! The *fortune* has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the *Compound*, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including *Diabetes*, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it or recommend it for such use.

But while the *White Pine Compound* is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a *cure* effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal qualities. The Indians employed the bark of White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation and cleansing old sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine Bark are known every where, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the *White Pine Compound* was so favorably received at the first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound.* It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the *White Pine Compound* have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine that the people living where it is prepared are high in its praise.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and indeed from all classes in society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, Vt., says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious not only in coughs and other pulmonic affections, but also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rummey, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, writes:

"Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years for colds and coughs, and in some cases of serious kidney difficulties with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it always on hand.

From James J. Hoyt.

Bradford, N. H., Sept. 1860.

Dr. Poland.—In the fall of 1857 I took a very violent cold, which brought on a very severe cough, pain in side and lungs, and raising blood. I was also very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease—the *Kidney Complaint.* For the three years past I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, choking up and raising an immense sight, with a bad cough after raising blood; I felt that my time here must be short unless I soon got relief. The Spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though my faith in it was small. But to my astonishment, before I had taken two bottles, my cough was better, the kidney trouble also, and I could rest nights without choking up and raising so much. I have taken nearly three bottles, and am feeling like a well man.

I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption, my father, mother, and two sisters having died of it.

From Stephen Bartlett.

Bradford, N. H., July, 1860.

Dr. Poland,—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaint for a long time, and had a bad cough of ten years' standing, which caused me to spit blood quite frequently. No one of my acquaintances expected I would get my health again. But *two bottles* of your White Pine Compound have cured me of both the cough and Kidney Complaints. I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of ours, was so badly afflicted with a cough that she sat up only long enough to have her bed made, and we all thought she was going in a quick consumption. She took only *one bottle* of your Compound, and it *cured* her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but is a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of many who know him—a confidence which he enjoyed while laboring usefully many years as a Baptist minister. His experience as a sufferer led him to make experiments which issued in his medical discovery. —*Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

GEORGE W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,

Will be manufactured in future at the NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT, 106 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

Under the supervision of REV. J. W. POLAND, M.D.

DR. SWETT will attend to the business department, to whom all orders should be addressed.

Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Medicine every where.

Price 75 Cents per Bottle.

Important Announcement.

GREAT SALE of WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &C.

One Million Dollars' Worth!

TO BE DISPOSED OF AT **ONE DOLLAR EACH!**

Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES!

All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300	Music Boxes, each	$20	to	$150
150	" " with Bells and Castinets	200	"	500
500	Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20	"	50
500	" Chafing Dishes	30	"	100
1000	" Ice Pitchers	20	"	50
2500	" Syrup Cups with Salvers	20	"	50
5000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	5	"	50
3000	" Castors	15	"	50
2000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20	"	50
5000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10	"	20
10,000	" " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20	"	40
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50	"	150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled-Case do.	35	"	70
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35	"	70
200	Diamond Rings	50	"	100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4	"	30
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4	"	8
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6	"	10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5	"	20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4	"	10
5,000	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	4	"	8
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4	"	8
7,500	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4	"	6
4,000	California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50	"	10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50	"	8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3	"	10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3	"	8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4	"	6
10,000	Miniature Lockets	2 50	"	10
4,000	" " Magic Spring	10	"	20
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	2	"	8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4	"	10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4	"	11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50	"	10
10,000	California Diamond Rings	2	"	10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5	"	15
6,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones	4	"	15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4	"	10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6	"	10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15	"	25
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5	"	15
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5	"	10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Distribution*, subject to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

Agents.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO., No. 167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of us.

Great Gift Distribution.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelry, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

Employment for Ladies.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August* 17, 1864.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1964, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

U.S. 7-30 LOAN.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

Seven-Thirty Loan.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT. GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are worth a premium which increases the actual profits on the 7-30 loan, and its *exemption from State and Municipal taxation adds from one to three per cent. more*, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One Cent	per	Day	on a	$50	Note.
Two Cents	"	"	"	$100	"
Ten	"	"	"	$500	"
20	"	"	"	$1000	"
1 Dollar	"	"	"	$5000	"

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the notes forwarded at once. The interest to 15th June next will be paid in advance. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than 300,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, *Philadelphia.*

March 25, 1865.

PLAYING CARDS.

The American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards, National Emblems.

They are the prettiest card made, and suit the popular idea. The suits are Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags. Colonel in place of King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack.

All the games can be played as readily as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Each pack is put up in an elegant card-case, and then in dozen boxes for the trade.

In order that all dealers may have an opportunity to sell these cards, a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of Five Dollars. Address

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

DR. B. C. PERRY, DERMATOLOGIST,

No. 49 Bond Street, New York,

Treats successfully all diseases of the scalp, loss of hair, and premature blanching. Also, removes moth freckles, and other discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultations free.

For particulars, inclose stamp for circular.

Old Eyes Made New.

A pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without aid of doctor or medicine.

Sent by mail, free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address

E. B. FOOTE, M.D.
1130 Broadway, New York.

GOLD PENS retailing at wholesale prices. Pens, 50c. to $2; in silver ext. cases, $1 to $3, sent by mail. Send stamp for circular. GEO. F. HAWKES, Manufacturer, 64 Nassau Street, New York. Also Fountain Pen.

All the New Army Corps Badges Ready.

Solid Silver, $5. **Solid Silver, $3.**

On the opposite side of this Medal is a true likeness of Lt.-Gen. Grant. I will send this medal, made from pure coin silver, with your name handsomely engraved thereon, on the receipt of $3. Also, for $1 50, I will send a badge for either Corps or Division in the army (pure coin silver), with your name, regiment, and company handsomely engraved thereon; and for $3 or $5 (two sizes) I will send a genuine 16-carat gold Corps Ring for either Div. in the army. Agents wanted in every regiment, camp, and hospital, to whom especial inducements are offered. With each order I will send my wholesale illustrated circular.

B. T. HAYWARD, 208 Broadway, New York.

$8 OFFICER'S WATCH. $10

Our whole stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

An Elegant Watch in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases* Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Carved Balance Bridge, *English Full Plate Jeweled Movements*, adjusted Regulator, Spring Bolt, Spade Hands, and Fine Enameled White Dial, *a serviceable article* in running order, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Gent's Handsome Vest Chain and a beautiful Miniature Gold Locket, to match, with Double Cases, Box, and Glass for *Two Likenesses.* Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $10.

A Neat Silver Watch, especially adapted for army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gent's *Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket*, etc. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $8.

The Imperial Watch,

Containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining within its cases and attached to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working* Thermometer, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect Storm, Heat, and Time Indicator. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished* Double Hunting, *Magic Spring* 19 *Line Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18-Carat *Gold*, inner cases of *Solid Gold Composite*), Richly Engraved Top and Bottom, with *Panel for Name*, and Fancy Push Spring. *Genuine English Improved Jeweled Action*, M. J. Tobias *movements*, Polished Cap, *Self-acting Click*, Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of $100 watch, and used by the Royal Engineers and *Officers* of the British Army, as their standard time-keeper. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade-mark. Price per single one, all complete, by mail, to any part of the army or country, $20.

CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers,
102 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1855.

BOUND VOLUMES OF *Harper's Weekly*,

From the commencement, will be furnished, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 00 "

Each Volume contains One Year.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

O'DOR! O'DOR!

DR. BRIGGS'S **GOLDEN O'DOR**

Will force a beautiful set of whiskers or mustache on the smoothest face from five to eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin, or hair on bald head in eight weeks (and no humbug). I receive recommendations most every day from persons that have used it and found it genuine. Testimonials of thousands. I will send Dr. Briggs's Golden O'Dor by mail, sealed and post paid, $1 25 (Warranted). Send orders to DR. C. BRIGGS,
Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill.

BARD & BROTHER'S (Established 1845)

GOLD PENS,

PEN AND PENCIL CASES. Also Manufacturer of BARD & WILSON'S PATENT ANGULAR NIB GOLD PENS. JAS. D. BARD, Ag't, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Repointing, 50 cents. Send for a Circular.

"INDISPENSABLE." No Correspondent, Gentleman, Lady, Public Speaker, Teacher, nor Man of Business should be without this New Hand-Book. HOW TO WRITE; HOW TO TALK; HOW TO BEHAVE, and HOW TO DO BUSINESS. A handy volume of 600 pages, for ready reference. Sent by first post for $2 25. Agents wanted. Please address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

Weston's Metallic Artificial Legs.—Lightest, cheapest, most durable, and most natural ever invented. Price $75 to $100. Send for a pamphlet.

J. W. WESTON, 491 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1865.

Important to Subscribers.

Subscribers to the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY will find upon the wrapper of each Number a Statement of Account. The figures on the direction-label following the Name show the Number with which the Subscription EXPIRES, as noted on our books. Every Subscriber may thus ascertain whether he has received the proper credit for his remittance, and also when to renew his Subscription. In renewing Subscriptions, Subscribers are particularly requested to name the NUMBER with which the New Subscription should commence; they will thus avoid receiving duplicates, or missing any Number. It is desirable that a Renewal should be received a few weeks BEFORE the expiration of the former Subscription, in order that our books may be kept properly adjusted. Attention to this will obviate nine-tenths of the errors which annoy both Publishers and Subscribers.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $4 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $8 00.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates: one quarter of a page, each Number, $75; one half, $125; whole page, $250. The circulation of Harper's Magazine is believed to be larger than that of any similar publication in the world.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	4 00
One Copy for Three Months	1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

The Bound Volume of Harper's Weekly for the Year 1864, with over 1000 Illustrations. 852 pages, 4to, substantially bound in Cloth. Price $7 00.

Terms to Advertisers.—*One Dollar* per line for inside, and *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for outside Advertisements each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.